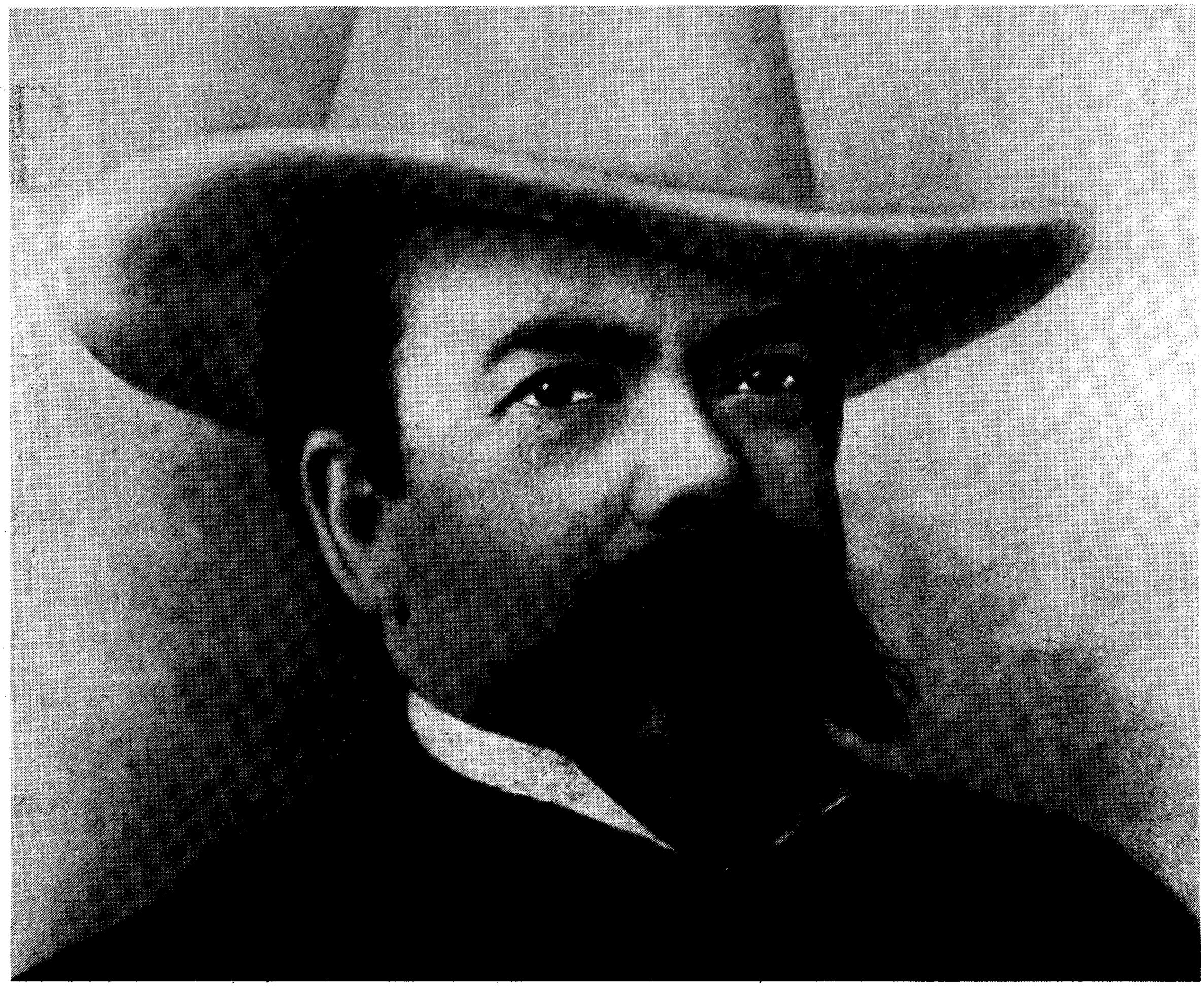
No. 736
Friday
2 March '90.

PRIVATE EYE

60p

TORIES IN CRISIS



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In 1866, Jack Daniel created the world's first Tennessee sippin' whiskey.

Then, for over 120 years, nobody did anything to improve it. Today's Jack Daniel's has the same rare taste as when Mr. Jack first made it. Which means it's still mellowed drop by drop. That's the way you've always liked it. So, we promise, we're still not planning any improvements.

SMOOTH SIPPIN' TENNESSEE WHISKEY

If you'd like to know more about our unique whiskey, write to us for a free booklet at the Jack Daniel's Distillery, Lynchburg, Tennessee, USA.

BREAK THE CODE AND WIN A FABULOUS PRIZE

Starting this week The Daily Telegraph is running a brand new competition.

About codes, clues, passwords, secret rendezvous and all manner of intrigue.

The competition is called, not surprisingly, Codebreaker.

Using your very own personal code number you have to try to crack the code.

Right through the week, if you choose.

Daily there are four clues to be solved.

And, if you're successful, daily there's a fabulous £2,000 prize to be claimed.

You could well end up on The Orient Express.

So, now you're interested, how do you start?

Maybe you should start with this advertisement.

After successfully deciphering the headline, you must now turn your attention to yet another absolutely capital code at work here, in this advertisement.

Going back, we said that to play Codebreaker, you need your own personal code number.

And this will appear in a certain issue of The Daily Telegraph which you must buy.

Zoom off to the newsagents. Ah, but which day?

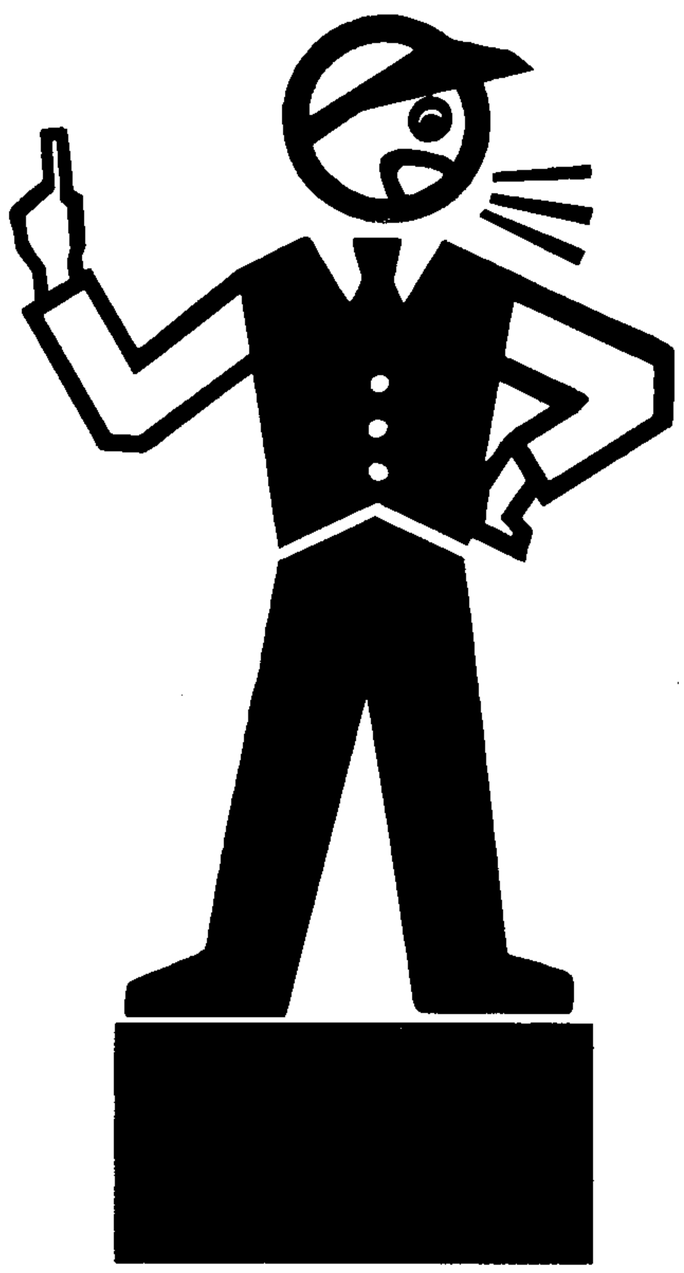
If you look, all the clues to which issue will carry your own personal code number are here.

No. Not Friday's. Try again.

Enjoy Codebreaker. The rewards are fabulous. (Your final clue is March 3 1990.)

The Daily Telegraph

JOURNALIST'S WEEK



Part of the Union?

If you're one of the unlucky journalists who don't receive Journalist's Week, our next issue is a good time to start.

We'll be publishing the most thorough survey to date of attitudes to the NUJ.

How many journalists think there's a future for the union? How many already have personal contracts? We supply the answers and talk to the people who run the NUJ – and the people who'd like to.

You'll also find more news about press and broadcast journalism than anywhere else – with the sharpest analysis to back it up – and the best jobs in the business.

To guarantee your regular copy call our circulation department on (0268) 541877, or ask your local newsagent to order one.

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The Tryst beneath the Sherry Oak

The Macallan's *solitary fidelity* to the ancient methods of malt whisky maturation – in oaken casks that have previously contained sherry – has a supremely practical purpose.

The *mellowing influence* of the sherry imparts a luscious amber-gold to the hue and a sumptuous *basso profundo* to the flavour, to provide an experience that no other malt can emulate. For no other malt is exclusively so matured in these days of (dare we say it?) accountant-dominated production.

Not that we would wish to denigrate our friends in the *numerate profession.* But our steadfast devotion to the old ways looks beyond the simple arithmetic of slide-rule and calculator to a mathematics no computer can understand . . . *the infinitely subtle calculus of human satisfaction.*

THE MACALLAN.
THE MALT.

Gnome

THIS NEWSPAPER takes its hat off to the new satellite television station GSB.

After detailed and impartial scrutiny it has become abundantly clear to us that GSB is not only the best satellite station but also the best *television* station in Britain.

Miss Rita Chevrolet, the beautiful and brilliant presenter of the BBC's *Shoes News* has been lured to GSB by the high standards and enormous cheques *(surely "prestige" ? Ed)* of the fledgling channel.

Yet she is only one of many of the brilliant stars that have convinced this paper that GSB will smash Sky, BBC1, BBC2, ITV and everyone else off the airwaves in less than 2 weeks.

Highly respected journalist Lunchtime O'Booze is to present the news with Rita Chevrolet. Top personality Dave Spart will have his own comment slot *Totally Sickening*. And international celebrity Glenda Slagg will host an afternoon chat show called *Slagg Heap*.

This unbelievable line up, in the opinion of this paper, makes the opposition to GSB look like pathetic, half-baked nonentities who should go bankrupt immediately.

The fact that this paper employs all the abovementioned and that I have invested heavily in GSB is entirely irrelevant.

E. Strobes
(Host of *Name That Fruit*, GSB Friday 1.30 am)
pp Lord Gnome
Gnome Satellite Broadcasting
c/o The Daily Gnome
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Mails.

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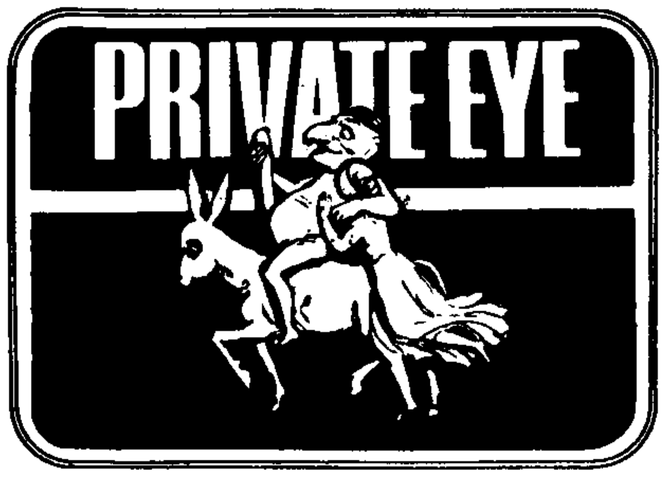


COLOUR SECTION

THE CRISIS at the Ministry of Defence over the Colin Wallace affair goes from bad to worse. So hysterical is the atmosphere that quite junior civil servants have been heard openly accusing their permanent secretary, stern Catholic Sir Michael Quinlan, of leaking last week's story to the *Eye*.

Not so, we can confirm. But the resentment against Sir Michael for his demands for a judicial inquiry into the Kincora Boys' Home scandal knows no bounds. Orders have gone out from no less a person than Sir Percy Cradock, "foreign affairs" (MI6) adviser to the prime minister, that no more concessions are to be made on "this damned business" (Sir Percy's shorthand for the Wallace affair).

Sir Percy has the support of the Cabinet Office, its secretary Sir Robin Butler and his recently-appointed deputy, former ambassador to Hungary Leonard Appleyard. Even Her Ladyship herself (as Sir Robin affectionately calls the prime minister) has been wheeled into the argument to state her view that the main lesson of the Westland crisis was "the less said, the better".

For the moment the "cover-up" brigade is winning out. One result has been the continued humiliation of the wretched Archie Hamilton, armed forces minister and the man singled out by the civil servants to take the flack on Wallace, Kincora et al. Poor Hamilton keeps being given briefs which he delivers with some style in the House of Commons but which turn out, after a moment's examination, to be entirely false.

He has given more false information to the House of Commons on this issue than any other minister in parliamentary history. On 12 February he was at it again, telling Labour's Tam Dalyell that there was "no evidence" that army officers and intelligence knew perfectly well that boys were being abused at Kincora but did nothing about it.

Documentary evidence of this has been public for five years. In the very week that Hamilton said it didn't exist, it was promptly confirmed by a retired major-general, and former commander of land forces in Northern Ireland. This revelation was promptly censored by a formidable combination of the MoD and the editor of the *Sunday Times* who, for the second week in a row, "pulled" an exclusive article from his first edition when the Ministry of Defence complained of a "misunderstanding".

Yet the line is not entirely solid. There are encouraging signs of insubordination among the rank and file in this most disciplined of ministries. One sign is the leaking to *Private Eye* of the remarkable fact that at the MoD meeting which preceded the parliamentary concession on Colin Wallace on 30 January, a senior officer from GCHQ was called to attend. There is only one reason anyone from GCHQ should be called to such a meeting: namely that at some stage in the story substantial government-sponsored surveillance (phone-tapping) was used.

One reason for the insubordination and leaking is that more and more MoD civil servants are asking themselves why they should continue to cover-up for MI5. They point out that the army itself comes out quite cleanly from Clockwork Orange (the dirty tricks campaign against politicians) and from Kincora.

The first was a creation entirely of intelligence, under Denis Payne, MI5's boss at Stormont in the mid-1970s. On Kincora, the army actually took the initiative to push the police into action. Action was stopped only because the Bugger-in-Chief at the home, William McGrath, was a "useful" agent who supplied intelligence with all sorts of information about his friends in the ghastly sub-world of Protestant paramilitaries.

HARD ON THE revelations in Channel Four's *Despatches* about safety in the North Sea after the Piper Alpha disaster, the *Eye* has received a copy of a curious memorandum.

It is from T L Hull of Occidental Oil in Aberdeen to Brown and Root/Vickers in London, dated 8 January, and its subject is the HVAC Design Basis — that is, the design rules for the oil rigs, including Piper B, currently being built by Brown and Root.

The most interesting section reads: "I understand that the Piper B criteria were relaxed because design in accordance with the original criteria imposed unnecessary cost/weight/space penalties... This should be confirmed. Should further or more detailed work indicate the weight/cost/space implications are significant, we should give consideration to the relaxation of our criteria."

It surely cannot be that the design regulations for Piper B are being relaxed when they should be strengthened? Any reader who understands the technicalities of the offshore oil industry might like to clarify.

NEWS from Florida that the Bank of Credit and Commerce International has been laundering money for criminals cannot have come as much of a surprise to Sir Robin Leigh-Pemberton, governor of the Bank of England.

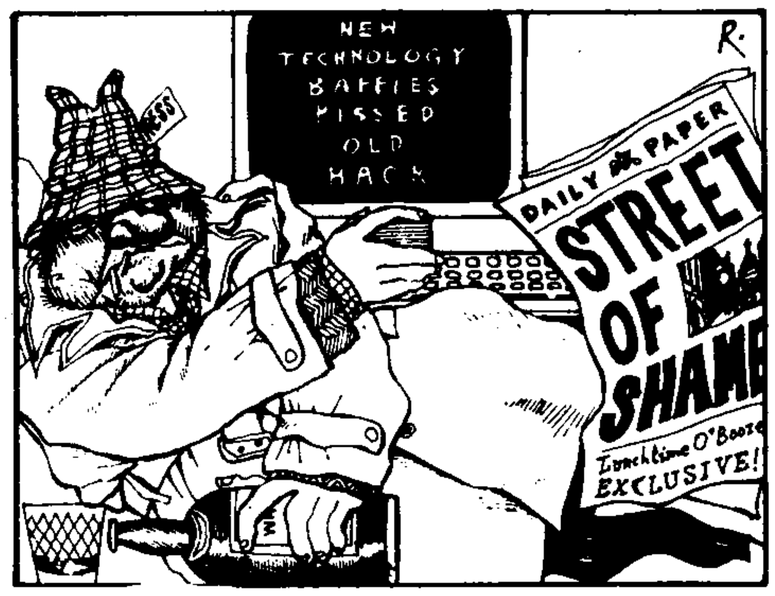
He was present a few years ago when the Commons treasury select committee had private talks with the bank about banking supervision in Britain. So too was Rodney Galpin, an executive director who was involved in trying to clear up the JMB shambles.

At that meeting an MP asked about the supervision of BCCI in relation to its global operation and was told, somewhat complacently as the US authorities would now surely agree: "You will of course be aware that BCCI is not a British bank." If this is the level of cooperation in the international banking world, criminals have nothing to fear.

Meanwhile the Tory MP for Harrow East, Hugh Dykes, has been running round the Commons telling ministers that BCCI is as fine a bunch of chaps as you could ever wish to meet.

Whatever can this mean?

"It's just a drop in the ocean"



MANY readers have asked why the *Times* gave so little coverage to the "Bruise at Ten" story in which Sir Alastair Burnet was widely photographed looking tired, emotional and bruised after a nocturnal argument with the pavement; and why the *Sunset Times* published a full page in praise and defence of Sir Alastair.

The following facts may help:

1 Sir Alastair is an independent director of Times newspapers.

2 Andrew Neill, editor of the *Sunset Times*, was Sir Alastair's researcher in the 1974 general election and worked under him at the *Economist*. Neill was quoted in the *Sun* last week as saying: "Few people realise that Sir Alastair is a great writer".

BOSSES at the *Daily Express* have come up with a clever new wheeze to save money on journalists. Some of the paper's young secretaries are being redesignated as "feature writers" and set to work churning out the usual drivel that *Getsmuchworse* readers so enjoy.

Needless to saythey are not being paid the going Fleet Street rate but are kept on their secretarial salary of £13,000 — less than half the average hack's pay at the *Express*. The latest recruit to get the treatment is gorgeous pouting Stella Rosato, a 22-year-old secretary with no journalistic experience whatsoever.

In an attempt to forestall protests from hacks, the *Express* has explained that Rosato and Co will be given "on the job training". But the effect of this boast is rather spoilt by the identity of the man giving the training — the *Getsmuchworse's* clod-hoppingly useless features editor, Craig Mackenzie, popularly known as "the bouncing bog-brush".

Craig's main claim to journalistic fame is that when he worked under his brother Kelvin at the *Sun* a couple of years ago he was responsible for running the "Elton John rent boys" fabrication, which cost Rupert Murdoch one million pounds. Clearly he is just the man to teach the impressionable youngsters how to succeed in newspapers.

MUCH FUSS has been made over the *Guardian* and the *Indescribablytwofaced's* brave boycott of the "secret" lobby briefings given to hacks by Bernard Ingham, the prime minister's press secretary. Strange, then, that nothing has been said about the more insidious daily briefings given by the Foreign Office.

Clever readers can often spot the hand of Ingham and Number 10 in reports in their daily rag, but they cannot find out so easily the truth of what is being said by anonymous diplomats giving their version of events overseas.

Do the two principled newspapers ignore these propaganda events too, or do their diplomatic correspondents make their excuses and leave early from their diplomatic lunches to keep an appointment at a non-existent, off-the-record briefing? Surely we should be told...

READERS will be pleased to note that the latest tacky wheeze dreamt up at *Today* newspaper is well up to the standard set by the rag's tacky editor, David Montgomery.

Stealing the idea not from the *Mail* or the *Express* this time but from the film *When Harry Met Sally*, an executive decided it might titillate readers if a *Tawdry* hackette reenacted the film's one memorable scene. This involved the heroine stunning a crowded restaurant to silence by moaning and groaning loudly while showing her male companion how easily a woman can fake an orgasm — something that no doubt strikes a familiar chord with *Tawdry*'s frantically thrusting young hacks and hackettes.

Newsdesk boss Colin Myler assembled his harpies and after much deliberation chose *thirtysomethingish* hackette Margaret Morrison as the most suitably brazen. A male reporter was assigned to act as her companion and, together with a photographer, record the reactions of the assembled startled diners.

Morrison was seen as a natural for the job: she had recently completed another extremely tasteful assignment luring a lonely hearts advertiser into a "first date" and then humiliating the man by turning it into a major feature.

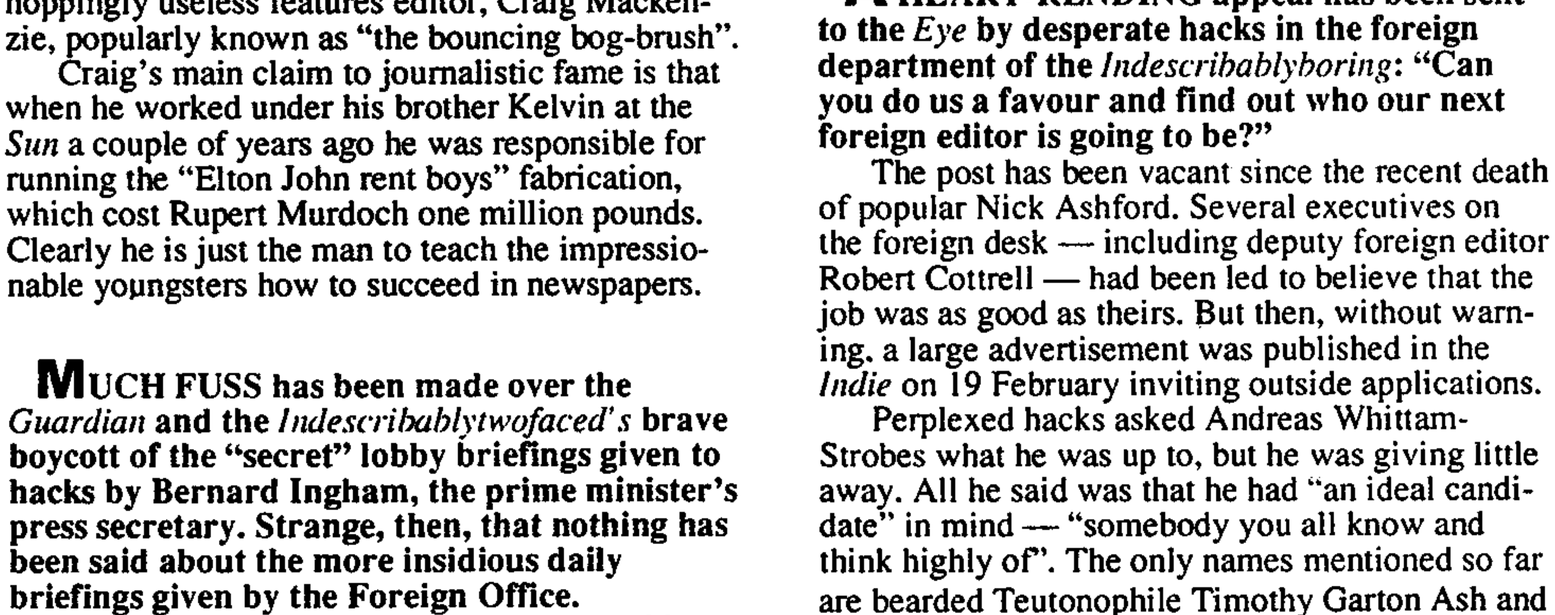
This time she turned down the assignment outright as being beneath her dignity. "How do they even know I have orgasms?" she demanded of smirking colleagues afterwards.

A HEART-RENDING appeal has been sent to the *Eye* by desperate hacks in the foreign department of the *Indescribablyboring*: "Can you do us a favour and find out who our next foreign editor is going to be?"

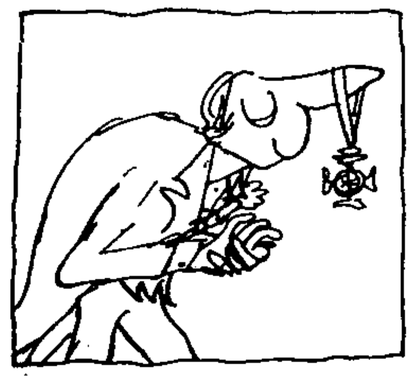
The post has been vacant since the recent death of popular Nick Ashford. Several executives on the foreign desk — including deputy foreign editor Robert Cottrell — had been led to believe that the job was as good as theirs. But then, without warning, a large advertisement was published in the *Indie* on 19 February inviting outside applications.

Perplexed hacks asked Andreas Whittam-Strobes what he was up to, but he was giving little away. All he said was that he had "an ideal candidate" in mind — "somebody you all know and think highly of". The only names mentioned so far are bearded Teutonophile Timothy Garton Ash and Mrs Thatcher's former speechwriter John O'Sullivan, neither of whom would be particularly welcome.

With the continuing uncertainty and the threat of cost-cutting to come, morale on the foreign desk is sinking fast. The latest hack to jump ship is Delhi correspondent Tony Allen-Mills. He has defected to become the *Sunset Times*'s East European Editor — for the modest salary of £80,000.


CAPT. BOB
HOW CAN WE BE SURE THAT 'THE EUROPEAN' WILL REFLECT THE NEW FREEDOMS OF EUROPE?
THAT'S EASY.
I'LL DECIDE WHAT GOES IN!
THE EUROPEAN
May Launch Date

O.B.N.



THE CROWD marching on the Kremlin carried every conceivable kind of banner. "Free Gorbachev"; "Ligachev Out" — "Resign". Yet they had forgotten the obvious one; the slogan which expresses the astonishing but most widely-held view: "We want Maggie".

They do not, of course, call her Maggie. They call her Margaret Thatcher with a rolling continental accent which gives her name a note of intrigue and mystery as if she were some beautiful but shadowy heroine of the underground movement, living in exile in a Paris garret and pouring out her heart in manuscripts which would be smuggled and copied on creaking, inky duplicating machines.

JOHN PASSMORE
Evening Standard

Submitted by Robin Revell.

£10 paid for all entries put forward for the Order of the Brown Nose.

GIRLS are to be allowed into the Scouts. Mr Garth Morrison, the Chief Scout, says young women now thirst for the adventurous life, but the Girl Guides' Chief Commissioner, Dr June Paterson-Brown, angrily says she hopes the scouts won't "poach our girls." Can we now allow boys to become Girl Guides too? If Lord Baden-Powell were alive today he would be turning in his grave.

Evening Standard

ON MONDAY of this week the *Today* newspaper filled its leader page with an article by its new "Independent Ombudsman" Bob Edwards. He was introduced as a "champion of standards" who would be responsible for maintaining "fairness and decency" in the paper — a task for which he was "ideally qualified". Edwards, *Tawdry* revealed, "failed to attract a single Press Council rebuke in his last 10 years as an editor".

What this flattering introduction failed to mention was that during those self-same 10 years, as editor of the *Sunday Mirror*, Edwards incurred a severe rebuke from Buckingham Palace, as well as the opprobrium of many colleagues, for printing an untrue story claiming that Prince Charles and his fiancée, Lady Diana Spencer, had spent a night of passion together on the royal train.

When the palace angrily denied the story and challenged Edwards to produce a shred of evidence to support it, he could not do so. But did he apologise or retract? Certainly not. He wrote a pompous letter to Buckingham Palace saying he was as sure that Lady Di had canoodled on the train as if he had been there himself. For weeks afterwards he used the columns of the *Sunday Mirror* to defend his bogus story. Clearly he is just the man to "maintain standards of fairness and decency" at Murdoch's super soaraway *Tawdry*.

Readers with longer memories may also recall that in 1969, when he edited the *People*, Edwards encouraged two of his reporters to sue the *Eye*. During the course of the action the hacks perjured themselves by claiming to have eaten in a particular restaurant on a particular day — a day when it was in fact shut, as the restaurant manager testified. Nevertheless, Edwards stood by his hacks: they were both most distinguished journalists, he said.

One of the hacks whom Bob Edwards so energetically championed, Dennis Cassidy, was eventually caught taking a free trip to St Lucia under false pretences without telling his paper. By then Edwards was no longer at the *People* to protect him: Cassidy was sacked.

POSSIBLY the least enviable PR job these days is that of promoting the somewhat tarnished image of the brylcreemed member for Winchester John Browne (known in some circles as John de la Valette Brown). So it was heartening to learn that this plum post is in the competent hands of former investigative journalist turned scourge of investigative journalists John Stonborough.

Stonborough, along with famous libel lawyer Peter Carter Fuck, clearly have their hands full given all the fuss surrounding Browne's failure to disclose certain business dealings in the register of members' interests for which he has been investigated by a Commons select committee. Then of course there was Browne's failed attempt to introduce a privacy bill at the very time he was being investigated for matters brought to light in the press.

And now, to cap it all, his tiresome ex-wife Elizabeth, whom Browne sought to have imprisoned for her failure to pay the final £45,000 of a massive £290,000 divorce settlement, has filed for bankruptcy naming Browne as a debtor.

This strange juxtaposition is apparently due to the former Mrs Browne's discovery that her husband had received money from the Inland Revenue in connection with her losses as a "name" at Lloyd's, some of which was due to her. Irritatingly, she has demanded disclosure of all Browne's revenue returns for the relevant years. Ironically, Mrs Browne's creditor, which led her to the bankruptcy court, is top law firm Theodore Goddard who acted for her in the prolonged and highly expensive divorce case.

Not all Browne's press has been bad, however. Stonborough at least managed to get his chum Neil Mackwood of the ailing *Sunday Correspondent* to say a kind word or two — just before the select committee's findings became public.

The long, extremely flattering piece (over eight columns) in which Browne "broke his silence" for the first time included Browne's specially selected extracts from the judgement of Mr Justice Wood. This tactic, aimed at showing up his former wife in the worst light, has already been severely criticised by the Tories of Winchester. No doubt it will still be on their minds when they meet to decide whether to sack him.

Meanwhile Browne continues to show that he is as thick-skinned as they come. MPs were amazed when just one day after the damning select committee report he turned up at the Commons and — entirely without shame — buttonholed them one by one in the lobby to declaim that he was neither a shit nor a cheat. He even tried to convince Dale Campbell-Savours, the leading figure on the committee who hunted him down.

MPs on the treasury select committee have been recalling the days when "Brylcreem" was also a member. Twice when it visited America for talks on international monetary arrangements Browne disappeared and missed meetings with senior figures from the US administration and leading bankers.

Cruel committee members in Westminster have been joking that he was probably looking for a rich heiress to marry...

Sir Hugh Rossi

The libel action brought by Sir Hugh Rossi against us in respect of the two articles we printed about him in February 1989 has been settled. We have agreed to pay substantial damages and his legal costs. We have also made a statement in court in which we withdrew unreservedly our accusations of hypocrisy and improper conduct in his duties as a Member of Parliament and apologised to him.

GORGEOUS, pontificating Joan Ruddock, the most charismatic peace leader of our time, has been ousted as chair of Parliamentary CND.

At the AGM she first accepted a nomination to carry on as chair. But when Bob Cryer was put forward, Joan glanced around the room and decided, quite rightly, that she would be humiliated in the vote. Thus she stood down to allow Cryer in unopposed.

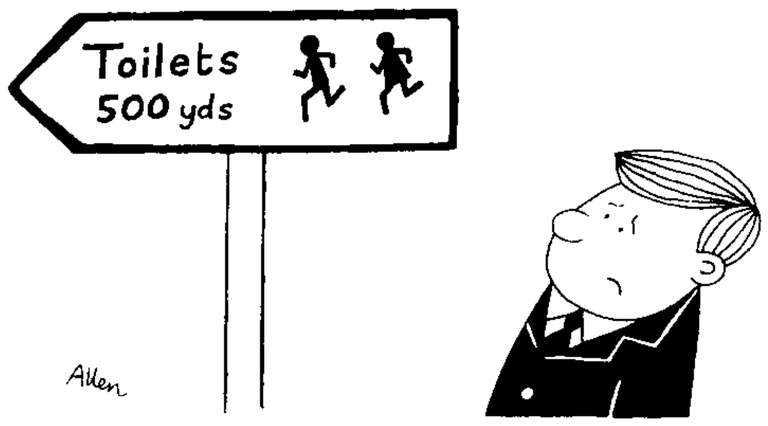
For the pouter from Pontypool who once won the Frank Cousin's Peace Award and went on to write *The CND Story* it was a sad, if historic, moment. Politics is such a cruel and dirty business...

LABOUR's shadow foreign secretary Gerald Kaufman seems a desperately lonely figure these days, more shorn of friends than anyone else in the Commons.

It's true that when he said it would have been better if the Prime Minister rather than Nelson Mandela had spent 27 years in prison Edward Heath commented "That's a good crack. What's wrong with that?". But then the Tories lined up to sign an early day motion deploring Kaufman's "typically vile and offensive remark" and noting that "his entire political career has been as devoid of principle as his conduct has been of good manners" and suggesting the Labour Party would be best served "by an early substitution of this deeply unpleasant spokesman".

Even by Commons standards this was strong stuff and normally one would have expected Labour MPs to spring to the defence of a colleague so attacked. Indeed Labour whips tried to persuade a number of backbenchers noted for their stinging invective to fight back on Kaufman's behalf, but they mumbled their excuses and declined to express solidarity with their comrade in trouble.

In the end it was left-wing Tony Banks, himself a whip, to put down a somewhat pathetic amendment describing the Tories as spoilsports. Banks was perhaps not the best person to do this as it was not so long ago that behaving like a spoilsport himself he tried to get *Guardian* hack Andrew Rawnsley arraigned before the committee of privileges for making fun of MPs.



DISCORD has broken out at the Department of Education between Secretary of State John MacGregor and his extra-dry Pussy —parliamentary under secretary of state, Robert Jackson.

It has now emerged that when the banks pulled the plug on the student loans scheme last November MacGregor wanted to scrap the whole idea. But Jackson, a former right-wing special adviser to the governor of Rhodesia, went to see Thatch, the Supreme Being, to complain of MacGregor's wimpishness.

Thatch, said by MacGregor to be "fizzing with fury", decided the Government would administer the scheme which is so loony that it's been condemned by right-wing academics as well as university vice-chancellors.

Unfortunately for Thatch Jackson is generally regarded as a poor performer in the Commons so promotion is out of the question.

HOW A COMMITTEE WORKS PT. 2

THE aptly-named Standing Committee F ("The worst behaved committee I have ever witnessed" according to one Westminster regular) continues to examine the broadcasting bill.

Sex, violence and obscenity rarely appear on the order paper, but frequently colour the proceedings.

Norman Buchan, who is making the most of his swansong at Westminster, displayed a different variety of closet humour by reciting a ditty he was once prevented from broadcasting.

"Mrs McGuire
She pee'd in the fire; The fire was too hot,
She pee'd in the pot. The pot was too wee,
She pee'd in the sea; The sea was too wide
She pee'd in the Clyde,
And all the wee fishes ran up her backside."

An increasingly tetchy Mellor, who clearly wishes and frequently demands that Buchan shut up and return to the Gorbals, is himself accused of promoting hi-tech porn. Ted Rowlands (Merthyr Tydfil and Rhymney) claims that by excluding teletext from the public decency requirements that apply to moving pictures, the minister is encouraging "blue pages" and TV adverts for girls.

Stimulated from his slumbers by the mere mention of the word, lanky and lacklustre Bill "Name Tapes" Cash gave the hapless Mellor a tongue lashing.

"Methinks I am flagellated too much," cried the portly minister and promised to rethink.

These sado-masochistic predilections continued to reveal themselves. Announcing a post-committee party to which Lord Mogg would not be invited, Mellor promised that members could "take it in turns to garotte Dr Brian Evans with one of his colourful bow ties".

The reference is to the flamboyant "acting secretary" of Roger Gale (Hon. Member for Blue Peter). Dr Evans attends each session, namedrops his company Tantara Tek, and trips up the minister with bewildering and incomprehensible memos about "electromagnetic emissions".

More revealing was the exchange between Tony Banks, disreputable member for Newham, and the elegant member for Torrid and West Devon, Emma Nicholson.

Banks: "The Hon Member is skulking next to the minister's parliamentary private secretary. Something very close and touching is going on, and I wish I was part of it..."

Emma (for it is she): "We don't."

Banks: "Obviously the Hon Lady is not into troillism. That will take a while to sink in..."

Ms Nicholson then slagged off Banks for his recent antics as a male model, but complimented him on his "excellent suits and physique".

Quick as a flash, Edwina Curry darted from her burrow. "His physique is puny," she spat.

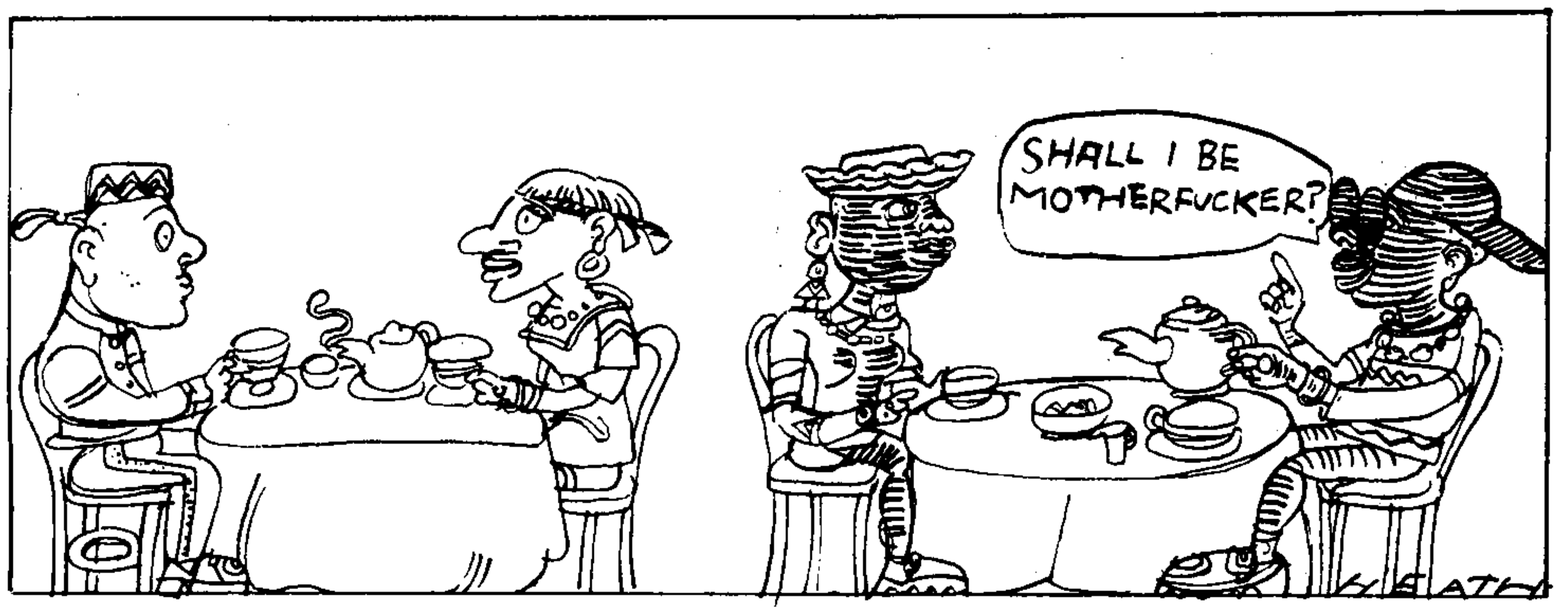
Banks: "The Hon Lady has obviously been peeping, because that is exactly what my wife says."

The committee continues, but not for family viewing.

'Backbiter'

NUMERO UNO

MICHAEL HEATH



Grovel

I HEAR of further bizarre behaviour by the increasingly loco transport secretary, Cecil Parkinson.

On behalf of a group protesting against his road plans for the capital, notorious madam Cynthia Payne turned up at the Department of Transport on Valentine's Day and handed over a magnificent two-foot long cake, baked in the shape of a heart with a black-iced road through the middle of it. It was inscribed, in attractive fondant icing, with the words "You're Breaking London's Heart".

The cake was taken to Cecil's private office, where it was much admired by civil servants who looked forward to sampling it in due course. But then Cecil walked in to the room and, on sight of the cake, flew into a rage. White with anger, he ordered the offending confection to be removed and "destroyed" immediately.

Last week, it will be recalled, Cecil threatened to "eliminate" veteran anti-motorway bore George Stern. I fear he has been mixing with mad cows again.

● *MY OLD CHUM Donald Trump, the billionaire real estate magnate, is trying to downplay the role of his gorgeous, pouting wife Ivana in the recent multimillion dollar refurbishment of the Trump Plaza hotel in New York. He is less than keen to see her grab possession of the Plaza, of which she is president, in an upcoming divorce settlement.*

Ivana's role, he says, was limited to "designing doorknobs and bathroom fittings" and "she had absolutely no decision-making ability". These denials seem strangely at odds with statements Donald made a few days earlier at a press binge in Tokyo.

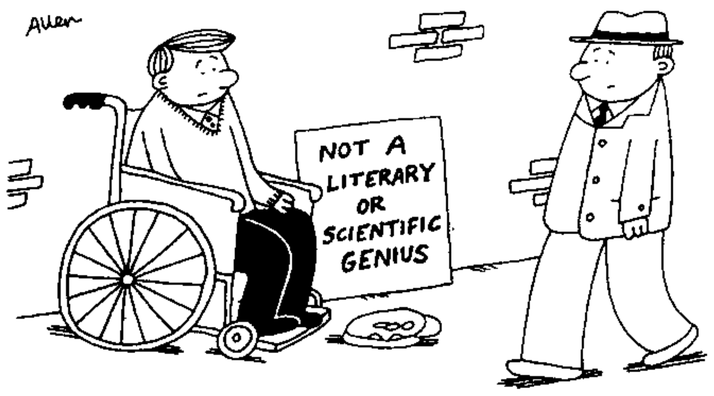
"Ivana has done a wonderful job on restoring the Plaza," he told the tired and emotional Japanese hacks. Obviously the poor man had no idea the sultry Czech was even then on the phone to her divorce lawyer.

Ivana Trump thinks she is 28.

I HEAR of a most distasteful attempt by an unscrupulous German to do injury to the excellent reputation of Andrew "Brillo Pad" Neill, esteemed editor of "The Big One", aka the *Sunset Times*.

It seems Herr Hans Mikhaelson, a small-time German conman, has come into the possession of some less-than-tasteful photographs of Mr Neill and the former House of Commons researcher Pamella Bordes.

Apparently the photographs are too shocking for any British paper to publish, so negotiations are said to be underway with the German magazine *Quick*.



Pseuds Corner

Everyone attests to his [John Junor's] kindness to people when they're down. On Christmas Day he takes a hot meal to his golf club caddy, Curly, who sleeps rough in the bunkers.

Independent on Sunday

MARCH
Saturday Nature Program — A STUDY OF OWL PELLETS, a hands-on workshop, Bob Crispino, 2pm., Mott-Van Winkle Classroom.

Sanctuary Magazine
(Litchfield, Connecticut)

Richard Rogers, 56, is Britain's most celebrated architect... His defence of contemporary architecture has led to widespread controversy and public conflict with the Prince of Wales. He is married, lives in Chelsea and has five children, Ben, Ab, Zad, Roo and Bo."

Sunday Correspondent

There is no disputing the fact that Samuel Beckett was an anguished man and never attained consistent social ease. Late one night in the Falstaff Beckett stopped entirely paying attention to us; as was our way we left him to his silence. Then quite deliberately he raised his mug of beer and poured it slowly over his head. That seems like ammunition for another anecdote about Irish writers' buffoonery. But with someone you know you can tell the difference between clowning and private distress. It was a gesture of desperation. There was a quality in it too of spreading ashes on the head, or of dousing an intolerable pain.

PETER LENNON
Guardian

In the charming African Dawn episode, a man (the Griot) walks across the stage, plucking music from a 21-string instrument that juts from his loins like a big phallic banjo. The womenfolk of his tribe watch admiringly; one is bold enough to pluck and stroke it. Could any other culture present this scene with such lack of naughtiness or embarrassment? The innocence is cherishable, the music more so. The instrument which has an unbroken tradition of over seven centuries, is called a Kora; and truly it's [sic] notes are heavenly.

ALASTAIR MACAULAY
Sunday Times

SOMETIMES, when I stand at my rain-lashed, wind-grieved bus stop, I lift my eyes from the sodden, shimmering streets to the stars — cold, blue constellations that shiver and look as miserable as one who has just missed a municipal argosy and suspects that the next one, awash with damp, depressed humanity and reeking faintly of fish supper, will take an inordinately long time to arrive. It is then that a man of philosophical bent will seriously question the universe's intentions towards him.

ALBERT MORRIS
The Scotsman

CONTRIBUTORS: Anne Summers, Sara Philips, John Michell, Michael Butler, P.G. Whittingham, Piers Schreiber.

£10 paid for entries

● *PAUL KEERS, former editor of Condé Nasty's GQ and famous for refusing to wear anything other than black and white apparel, has instructed solicitors to threaten libel proceedings against the Evening Standard's Londoner's Diary.*

On the day Keers "resigned" from his job as editor (his "resignation" was as much of a shock to him as it was to everyone else), Londoner's Dreary ran a fairly innocuous item which quoted a Condé source as saying Keers had decided to leave after a year editing the magazine "in order to pursue his writing career".

Keers is now claiming libel damages on the ground that the statement may prejudice him when seeking another highly paid editorial (as opposed to writing) job. He is perfectly right to insist that the Evening Standard should set the record straight, for it is not true that Keers decided to leave to pursue a writing career. He was sacked.

ALL IS NOT well within the snooty Sovereign Military Order of Malta, the organisation that runs the Hospital of St John and St Elisabeth in north London.

A distressing and very public row has surfaced between Sir Peter Hope, who goes under the absurd title of Bailiff Grand Cross, and Captain A.F.M. Beeley, who replaced him as chairman of the hospital's board. Ex-chairmen usually retain their seat; but Beeley did not extend this courtesy to Hope.

Hope is a dedicated Catholic who wants the hospital to continue to be run as a traditional Catholic institution. In a letter, Hope accused Beeley and the council of removing him as a trustee in order to find someone more compliant. He then goes on to raise issues that have split the order.

Apparently, the elitist hospital, which was at one run stage by the Sisters of Mercy, has been doing more for commerce and less for charity, all under the name of the Order of Malta.

PHILIP ZIEGLER, official biographer of Lord Wislon of Rievaulx, tells me with bated breath that at last he has what he wants: a piece of paper from Wislon promising he will not attempt to change or veto a word of the book.

I fear, however, this is nothing more than the author's desperate attempt to drum up excitement for what promises to be a very dull book indeed. We are clearly meant to deduce that Ziegler will include some sensational revelations. But the fact is Wilson is pretty well gaga and therefore in no position to interfere.

Milady Marcia Forkbender, on the other hand, is very much alive and kicking and will make jolly sure Ziegler does not stray from the course that was charted for him when he was chosen to write the "authorised" life.

Besides, the publisher of his doomed volume, Lord Weidenfeld, is one of Wislon's oldest friends. He is therefore unlikely to allow anything to be published that might incur the wrath of Harold or Marcia. Why, without Harold's patronage, he would still be plain old Mr Weidenfeld!

● *I FEAR that the forthcoming gala concert in honour of our beloved Queen Mother, who will be 103 later this year, is turning into a shambles.*

One organiser, Lord Westbury, has apparently taken off to Morocco while another, Brigadier Landy, has resigned. The man left running the show is the recently retired boss of Stoll Moss, the terribly egocentric Louis Benjamin.

The only consolation for the Queen Mum will be that the acts the ageing Benjamin signs up are sure to be nearly as old as her.

Pip Pip!

NOOKS and CORNERS

OWING TO a little bureaucratic oversight, Berwick-on-Tweed — which is in neither England nor Scotland — is still fighting Imperial Russia having declared war in 1854 but neglected to sign the Treaty of Paris two years later.

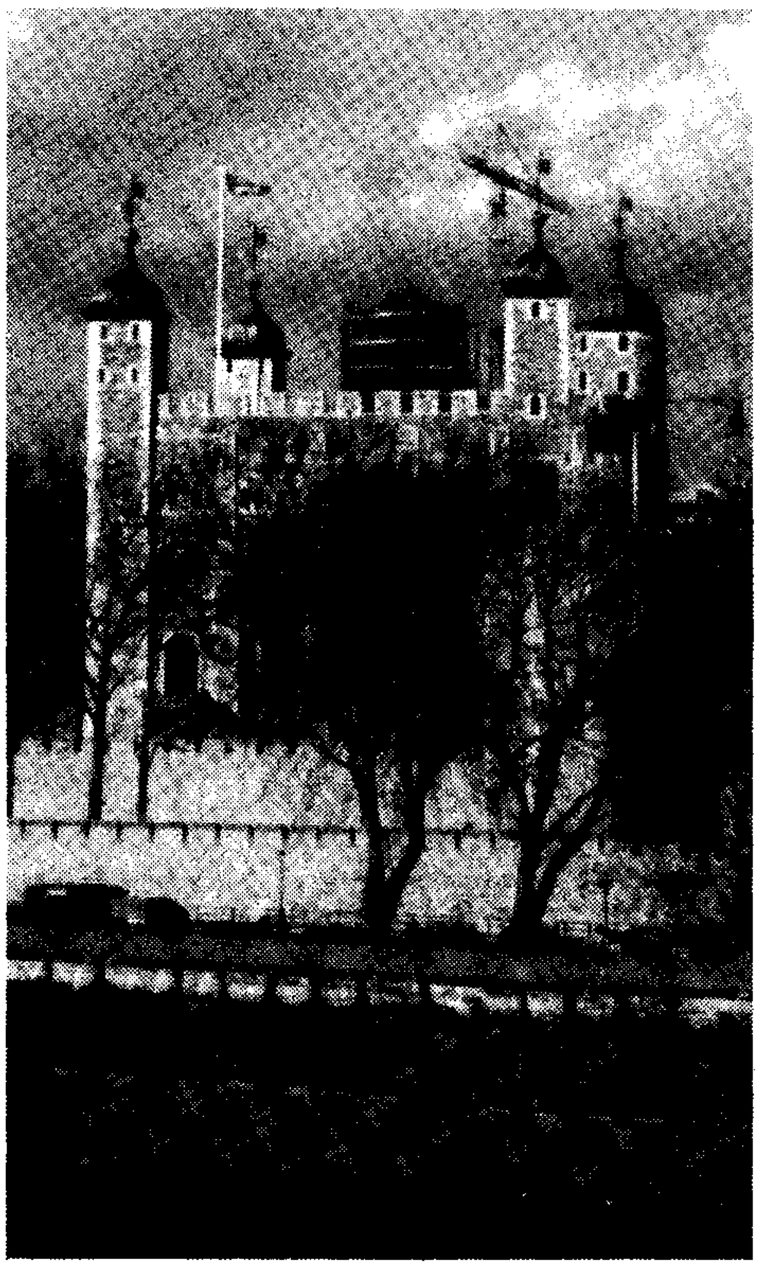
Even though the Russians may pose no particular threat to Berwick, the fortified town is nevertheless under attack. Today the real danger comes from *the enemy within* — otherwise known as Berwick-upon-Tweed Borough Council, which is aiding and abetting the enemy without — lots of tawdry developers and third-rate architects who are keen to occupy the historic town.

Berwick-upon-Tweed is one of the most remarkable places in northern Europe: a Georgian garrison town on the English-Scottish border whose centre is still surrounded by largely intact Elizabethan fortifications designed by Italian military engineers. But its tradition of proud independence has not always protected Berwick's unique architectural and historical character: so many cheap, banal new supermarkets had been permitted in the town centre by 1975 that Berwick merited dishonourable inclusion in Amery & Cruickshank's *Rape of Britain*.

Now the walls are under attack. Land on the Quayside between the walls and river formerly used by the South of Scotland Electricity Board has been sold to Mr William Leith, junior, who has asked Messrs George Libbury Properties Ltd of Cornwall to develop the land with 20 housing "units" designed by Ainsworth Spark Associates of Newcastle.

This sensitive firm proposes terraces of two-storey houses higher than the walls and a three-storey block which will rise 19 feet above the parapet. This means that the development will hide not only the walls — an ancient monument — but also rise in front of the handsome Georgian houses behind, built when the fortifications were removed and the walls laid out as public walks in 1819. In other words, it will change the most important and dramatic view of Berwick when seen approaching from the south across the Tweed.

Back in 1974, an attempt to build a boatyard on this site was defeated after a public inquiry. The inspector concluded that: "It cannot be other than both illogical and shortsighted, after perseverance over many years (and the expenditure of substantial sums of money) in works to enhance the quality of this distinctive historic town, to permit utterly unsuitable development which can only help to defeat the whole objective of this exercise in restoration."



The 1979 draft town centre plan identified the Quayside as a key site with "great potential for environmental improvement and recreational use" and noted that "the retention of the older buildings and the development of a repaired quay would allow public access and the possible development of the site as a tourist area".

But now the borough council seems minded to approve a development, opposed by the Berwick-upon-Tweed Civic Society and many others, which contravenes the recommendations of the draft plan and which will spoil the most important view of the town. This is puzzling, especially as it is a hung council and not a Conservative one; but the good councillors seem very keen on development as half of them are on the development committee. Perhaps they are all freemasons: one never can tell. Piloti would rather deal with the Russians.

MY PICTURE does not show Berwick but another famous view of fortified architecture snapped by countless tourists: the Tower of London as recently seen from the centre of Tower Bridge. In the centre, between the four towers, a fifth tower can be seen rising. This is not, as might be supposed, new accommodation designed by the PSA for recalcitrant members of the royal family after Mrs Thatcher wins the next election, but merely an optical illusion. It is the top of No.1 America Square, EC3, a commercial tower block designed by Messrs Renton Howard Wood Levine which will soon be covered in mirror glass and stone veneer in a fashionable Art Deco style. This exciting addition to the City's skyline shows not only the architects' deep sensitivity to site and context, but the thought and care taken by the City Corporation over protecting famous views of major national monuments before granting planning permission. It might as well have been in planning-free Docklands...

'Piloti'

MUSEUM NEWS

THE RECENT appointment of two new trustees at the Victoria and Albert Museum proves once again Thatch's determination to kick out fuddy-duddy art historians and other experts from the boards of major galleries and to replace them with business executives who are "One of Us".

The latest beneficiaries of prime ministerial patronage are Mr E.G.J Dawe, who as a director of De Beers Consolidated Mines has topically South African links, and Miss Anna Plowden, who is "active in the business of conserving, restoring and replicating artifacts" as a brief statement from Downing Street puts it.

What the press release neglects to mention is that Anna Plowden is a director of two companies which enjoy a lucrative commercial relationship with the V&A. Her firm Plowden & Smith ("Fine Art Restorers and Conservators") has done a lot of work for the V&A in recent years: revamping galleries; helping with exhibitions; collaborating with the museum's in-house conservation department. Her other firm, Recollections Ltd, makes replicas of art objects which are sold through the V&A's shop.

When challenged about this last week, a Downing Street spokesman told the *Eye* that Plowden "has agreed that as long as she is a trustee of the V&A she will take no part in any dealings between the museum and any company in which she is involved". But this is hardly the point. Through her companies, Plowden will continue to benefit financially from an association with the museum of which she is a trustee.

A few years ago, such a potential conflict of interest would have been unthinkable: no governor of a gallery or a museum could have any commercial links with it. But in the bold new era of "enterprise culture" that rules at the V&A it is quite the norm.

In 1988 (*Eye* 685) we revealed that Saatchi & Saatchi had won a £250,000 advertising contract from the museum at a time when Maurice Saatchi was one of its trustees. (The Saatchi campaign, you may recall, carried the embarrassing line "An ace caff with quite a nice museum attached".) The contractor who supplied the cutlery for the "ace caff" was another trustee, kitchenware tycoon David Mellor. Yet another trustee, Terence Conran, has negotiated an exclusive contract to sell antique fabric designs from the V&A's name to promote them.

AIR NEWS

FROM 1 April it will cost as much to land a small de Havilland Dash aircraft at Heathrow or Gatwick as a giant Boeing 747.

A change in British Airports Authority policy means that regardless of the aircraft size a flat rate will be introduced instead of the previous system based on weight.

The effect will be quite straightforward: smaller aircraft tend to be run by smaller operators and they will face a huge increase in landing costs. The smaller operators tend to have tighter margins than international carriers. Their prices will have to go up, forcing up the prices of the charter companies that deal with them. The cheap flights the public has grown used to for holidays abroad will now no longer be so cheap and the smaller operators will end up forced out of the major airports.

This could not, of course, be deliberate policy by the BAA as it will no doubt prove when the small Brymon Airways and Air UK appeal against the decision.

campain

CREDITPLAN

The Loan Arranger.

First National Bank

Submitted by Julie Drewitt

All dismal advertising gratefully received. £10 for contributions printed.

ITV

The Golden Break Awards

(Thames)

SPONSORED by Winalot Prime, the annual adman's back-slap came out looking, appropriately enough, like a dog's dinner. Jonathan Ross, the host, panicked by the silence with which all his gags had been met, began to do jokes about the lack of response to his jokes. As usual when this manoeuvre is resorted to, these were received with equal indifference.

Yet the church-earnestness of the audience was only 90 per cent the fault of Ross's script. There was also a clear decision on the part of those present to behave seriously. Indeed, the whole point of the evening was that advertising was being taken seriously. You wouldn't — the reasoning of the assembled creatives seemed to go — get some reconstructed Cockney with a lisp making feeble quips if Kate Adie were getting a BAFTA award for work in Tiananmen Square. And why was that any more inherently worthwhile than, say, the Winalot Golden Break Award for Best Performance By An Animal In A Television Commercial?

The latter was won, in a tight three-pet race, by Cyril the Squirrel for his innovative trapeze performance on behalf of Carling Black Label. As Cyril was carried on to get the gong, that deep disembodied voice which lauds the winners during BAFTA ceremonies was on hand with some biographical information: "Cyril the Squirrel was first spotted in a documentary film on television..." This was not, you had to realise, satire or parody. This was the advertising industry — down to the humblest back-room squirrel — getting the treatment which it believes it deserves and has been denied by cultural snobbery.

Whatever they did, though, the whole thing looked like a clever if over-extended spoof. Tears of mirth arrived when the nominations for Best Voice-over were read out, including "Royce Mills As The Frog For Harp Lager..." Mills was regrettably defeated by Stanley Baxter's unforgettable embodiment of a sort of fruit crisp but there might still be room for an Anthony Sher style memoir: *The Year Of The Frog.*

That is one of the problems of the event. The boys in advertising actually do not accept that there is a quantitative or qualitative difference between the work involved in playing Richard the Third and, for example, Richard the Crisp. Actors, who are getting around £1,000 a second for half an hour's work, don't need or want the recognition. They want the money and more opportunities to earn it so easily, which can be the only possible reason for their agreeing to turn out for the agencies at an event such as this. The Golden Break Awards is all about giving recognition to the people who retain them to play crisps and frogs. This is why, although only one analgesics campaign was rewarded, this programme will have sold a lot of Nurofen.

There is also the question — more so even than at most awards ceremonies — of what is being judged. Can a commercial be a work of art when its reason to exist is to be a tool of commerce? The point of a commercial is to shift products. Are the sales of Maxell tapes — a multiple award-winner — up dramatically? Could it still be a good ad if they weren't? Equally, in the case of British Rail and British Telecom — also widely honoured — there is a strong argument that the point of the commercial was to suggest a corporate identification, which might deflect from the perception of the standards of service. Is that a good ad or a bad ad?

Also subject to doubt are the motives of ITV in screening the awards. Everyone, including Ross, kept quoting the saloon bar truism about the advertisements being the only decent things on the box. These remarks masked a genuine concern. The advertisers have, in the last few years, been increasingly dissatisfied with the ratings performances of the programmes their creations punctuate. Giving the industry its own show is, therefore, a sweetener.

This made it even more of a pity that the production merely reflected the current uncertainties of ITV. First, there was the terror of upsetting the General Audience, illustrated by the cutting of Jonathan Ross's single efficient quip, which was one to the effect that Cyril The Award-Winning Squirrel, taking fright at the lights and dashing in to the wings, had been eaten by a shortlisted dog. The remarks were edited out.

Then there was the fear of upsetting the advertisers, exemplified by the decision also to edit out an attack by green man David Icke, presenting the charity ad prize, on the generally venal values of the profession. It would never, of course, occur to anyone at ITV that it is this exact combination of protection of the viewers and genuflection to commerce which has greatly contributed to the mess the network is in.

'Square Eyes'

MEDIA NEWS

IT SEEMS Peter Jay is having a little trouble settling into his new job as boss of BBC economics programmes. He has been spending some hours with news producers who are trying to coach him for his appearances on the big bulletins.

The producers have been dismayed by Jay's contempt for any pictures that appear on the screen during his reports — apart, of course, from pictures of Jaybotham. People like him and his mentor John Birt, he explains, have a "mission to inform" which should not be clogged up with unnecessary images.

One disastrous result of this was Jay's first sortie: a news piece on the prospects for the budget filmed with Jay, and Jay alone, outside No 11 Downing Street. Embarrassed BBC hacks unanimously agreed the piece was boring and incoherent. It was not broadcast.

AFTER attempting to reach saturation point in the UK, Sky TV has now surfaced in the US.

And for all those American viewers who wonder why having 36 channels still means there's nothing worth watching, Murdoch is adding the dubious benefits of Sky — with little square aerials, would you believe. Unfortunately, they aren't available just yet... Sounds familiar?

THE BBC's attempts to impress the Government with its thriftiness backfired badly when *Newsnight* interviewed health secretary Kenneth Clarke.

Clarke tried to make a telephone call home from his dressing room but was told by a sniffy switchboard that visitors were not allowed to make outside calls. Clarke protested that he was a government minister but was told "see the manager if you don't like it" — greatly to the embarrassment of presenter Jeremy Paxman.

Eventually Clarke's wife had to be packed off to find a pay-phone in the reception area at Television Centre. Clarke was not amused. "This is worse than the NHS," he said.

THE article in the last *Eye* concerning TV-am's bizarre, penny-pinching coverage of foreign news stories, particularly those from Moscow, sparked a massive witchhunt among beleaguered staff at Eggcup House, TV-am's Camden HQ.

This week, therefore, Lord Gnome is delighted to report that TV-am's foreign coverage from New Zealand — in particular its coverage of rock singer Cliff Richard's tour down there — should be absolutely exemplary.

This of course has nothing to do with the fact that the cost of sending two TV-am reporters to cover the tour is being met by Cliff's record company, which is also thought to have laid on a film crew for TV-am.

FACT: The number of reporters TV-am sent to Panama is 0.

CORPORATION STREET W.12
An everyday story of Broadcasting Folk
"IT'S GOT RID OF THE DEAD-WOOD..."
BBC SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
SAVED THE BBC HUGE AMOUNTS OF MONEY...
AND YET WILL STILL IMPROVE THE STANDARDS OF OUR PROGRAMMES"
BBC CUTS
"SO THERE'S NOTHING MORE TO BE SAID..."
EXCEPT THANKS BSB!"
"Trebles all round!"
(BSB) CONTRACT SELINA SCOTT £200,000 A YEAR
(BSB) CONTRACT SIR ROBIN DAY
Ken Pyne

JUNK MAIL

She [Selina Scott] is back in London for the spring launch of British Satellite Broadcasting where she will be the glamorous and authoritative lead presenter of the nightly news and topical features programme First Edition.

This is produced for BSB by New Era TV, jointly owned by Yorkshire Television and the Daily Mail, and will also feature several of the newspaper's most famous names, including Nigel Dempster, Jack Tinker and Baz Bamigboye. When the news was announced last week it made a considerable impact on the TV industry, and Selina will undoubtedly be a huge asset in any ratings battle.

LYNDA LEE POTTER
Daily Mail

A sister column to I-SKY, featuring blatant puffs for BSB masquerading as editorial in Associated newspapers. The usual £10 will be paid for contributions.

LEGAL NEWS

THE contempt of court actions against policemen involved in the Stalker/Taylor affair predicted in the *Eye* a few weeks ago have now been heard.

Former Detective Chief Superintendent Peter Topping, who was head of Manchester CID and a close confidant of Manchester's Chief Constable James Anderton, was found not guilty of contempt by judges including Mr Justice Brooke (brother of the Northern Ireland secretary).

The former superintendent's book, entitled *Topping*, dealt in some detail with the case against John Stalker's friend Kevin Taylor before that case had been heard. DI Anthony Stephenson and DS Keith Ware also appeared before Mr Justice Sachs charged with contempt because they talked to each other about their evidence in the Taylor case, despite being specifically ordered by the judge not to do so.

Their contempt was not in doubt, but they walked free after the mildest possible reprimand. The judge agreed with their barrister that "appearance in court" was a harsh enough punishment — a lenient approach not always noted in the judiciary when they are dealing with witnesses who have expressly disobeyed them.

A mystery remains, however. Several senior Manchester police officers were involved in the notorious submission to the Recorder of Manchester, Judge Arthur Prestt, when they were seeking access to Kevin Taylor's bank accounts. They persuaded the recorder to give them the draconian orders they wanted after telling him Taylor might have been involved in drug trafficking and organised crime. There was absolutely no truth in any of this, nor has there ever been any evidence anywhere to suggest it.

When the court in the Taylor case was finally convinced that these orders had been obtained by entirely false information the case against Taylor and the other three defendants finally collapsed. There has as yet, however, been no indication from anyone whether any of the police officers (or any of those advising them) will be subject to any further contempt proceedings for giving false information to the Manchester recorder. Is it therefore now safe to assume that lying to judges is permissible?

Meanwhile, Kevin Taylor's lawyers are studying the long and complicated records of the case to decide whom to sue for the comprehensive ruin caused to their client by this baseless prosecution. Strange facts are emerging. The most curious is the relatively junior rank of the police officers who carried the can.

Stephenson and Ware, who are not freemasons nor members of the Pen and Wig investment club in Manchester, were relatively small fry in this prosecution but had to shoulder most of the blame. The prosecution was extremely reluctant to make available the notebooks of at least five much more senior officers, all of ranks of superintendent or over, who were involved. Indeed, it was not long after these notebooks finally arrived at the court (together with the instruction that all reports on the Taylor prosecution should be sent direct to the chief constable) that the prosecution finally threw in the towel. (Prosecution barrister Michael Corkery was extremely reluctant to do so, and only agreed after an hour-long lunchtime conversation on the phone with the Director of Public Prosecutions himself, Sir Alan Green).

Another even more intriguing question arises from the fact disclosed in court (but not published anywhere) that at a crucial stage in the Taylor inquiry, shortly before John Stalker was removed from his post as deputy chief constable and from his inquiry into the "shoot to kill" policy in Northern Ireland, a "very senior" officer from the Royal Ulster Constabulary with a rank "way above superintendent" came over for confidential discussions with the Manchester officers pursuing Taylor. Suggestions as to the identity of this officer, and the purpose of his visit, would be very welcome.

HASSAN KHAN, finally released by the Court of Appeal for a robbery for which he was framed by the West Midlands Serious Crimes Squad, said he was not MUCH impressed by the proceedings in court at his original trial which had "rubberstamped the whole process" of police lying and perjury. The name of the judge in that case has not been widely published: it was Mr Justice Judge.

The Hassan case was one of the very first tried in the West Midlands by Igor Judge, who was promoted to the high court very soon after his remarkable performance at the Old Bailey where he represented the Crown in the appeal of the six men convicted of pub bombings in Birmingham in 1974.

During that appeal Mr Judge did a wonderful job for the West Midlands police, as indeed he has done on other occasions. He was a leading prosecuting counsel in the Carl Bridgewater murder trial in 1979 — another case which hinged on a confession beaten out of a man in solitary confinement in a police station by crack officers from the disbanded West Midlands squad.

History may well judge that Mr Justice Judge has been too quick to allow evidence of confessions from police even when, as in the Hassan case, it is so transparently fraudulent that even the Court of Appeal under Lord Lane cannot stomach it.

POLICE 5

WHILE Greater Manchester chief constable James Anderton braces himself for the next battle in the never-ending Stalker-Taylor affair, God's own cop is being embroiled in a new row.

Manchester police authority members are demanding to know whether he or any of his senior aides were involved in "setting up" suspended chief superintendent Arthur Roberts.

The fragile truce which had broken out in Manchester police ranks was shattered once again in February when former local detective Stephen Hayes revealed that he had been hired by Manchester coppers to spy on Roberts, then one of the most powerful active officers in the county and responsible for policing the city's two football clubs.

Hayes revealed that he had taken a video of Roberts helping out at his wife's market stall. Police officers are forbidden to "moonlight", but Roberts claims he had permission to be a part-time barrow boy. Remarkably Hayes, who has a criminal record for blackmail, spied on Roberts for free. He told reporters: "It was pure revenge. I have a lot of friends who are out of a police job because of Roberts."

Pictures of Roberts the stallholder have shocked the normally mild-mannered police authority chairman Steve Murphy: "The video is an embarrassment. The people at the top of GMP need to get to grips with this type of thing. Too many mistakes have been made," he said.

Roberts was suspended last summer amid allegations of corruption after serious discrepancies were found in investigations he had been leading into disgraced former Manchester bobby Ged Corley. Although Corley was jailed for 17 years for supplying firearms he has since been released on bail.

Both the police authority and Roberts's supporters want to know who dreamt up the video wheeze and whether it is part of the greater conspiracy surrounding the notorious and yet-to-be-solved Corley case.

Meanwhile, Manchester supergrass Paul Ramsey, who recently shopped 52 fellow criminals to GMP and had his sentence for a series of armed robberies reduced to eight years, has been moved to the "other side of the country" and told he can never return to Manchester or his wife and children again. Towards the end of last year he lifted the lid off the Corley case by revealing that Manchester criminals had attempted to set up Corley and other officers to discredit the Manchester force. It is believed that they succeeded.

Cult Corner

LORD GNOME has recently received bizarre documents referring to Ugandan-type activities among staff at the Greenfields School for young Hubbardistas in the sleepy Sussex countryside.

The report reveals the close links between the "church" and the independent fee paying school which is run by a trust and has charitable status. Senior Scientologists are apparently worried that headmistress Margaret Hodki is having a "2D" relationship with a male school executive who also has a flat on the top floor of the school. This, they fear, may leave Greenfields and the "church" open to criticism and a "black propaganda" attack.

An investigation by a senior church member also revealed that the deputy headmaster is living with one of his former students. Both couples have been advised to marry or "end off their out 2Ds" — whatever that means.

ANYONE receiving a begging letter from the Say No To Drugs campaign should beware: the group is no more than a front organisation for the Hubbardistas.

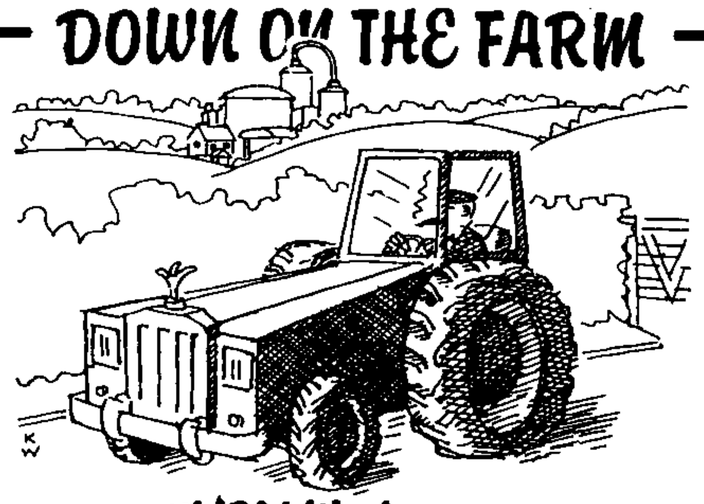
It is the first in a series of campaigns being organised by the Safe Point UK group, which aims to expand the influence of the cult. The campaign is being run from the Mad Hatter's castle in East Grinstead and will try to position the much-maligned cult as being "concerned about drugs, crime and violence".

The campaign has begun sending out begging letters to "important" people: Lord Hailsham, Terry Wogan, former arts minister Lord Gowry and Anita Roddick of the Body Shop are among those being tapped for cash. The letters come from committee member Derek Field, the former personal accountant to L Ron Hubbard who testified to a US hearing that LRH did not receive a penny from the church.

The court, however, did not believe him and accepted the US taxman's version that Hubbard had access to Swiss bank accounts where millions of dollars of Scientology funds had been stashed.

"I'm afraid we're going to have to let you go, Perkins"

DOWN ON THE FARM



with Old Muckspreader

THE FIRST sign of spring in these parts isn't the cuckoo but the sound of the barley barons trundling through their winter crops with the sprayer.

That's why the farming papers are so fat at this time of year — they're stuffed full of glossy ads from their paymasters in the chemical companies all trying to flog their latest crop of nasties like Spitfire and Impact.

Of course the fat-cat farmers who run the NFU can come up with half a dozen plausible-sounding reasons why their wheat and spuds have to be drenched in pesticides. They trotted out some of them at their annual whinge-to-the-minister meeting earlier this month.

The official line is that if they couldn't use pesticides we'd all go short of food. But the real reason is that by plastering noxious chemicals over practically everything that moves they can get away with employing less labour. This means they can sack a few more workers and make a lot more profit.

Now the chaps who wear barbour jackets over their Savile Row suits are rushing to support their chums at Surplus House. Snooty land agents Strutt and Parker — better known for touting high-priced property in *Country Life* — have put out a press release claiming that organic farming is nothing more than a fad.

If the whole of British agriculture went organic, production would be halved and we'd import twice as much, they chortle. It's all nonsense, of course. There's no chance of the whole country going organic, and they know it. And even if it did, production wouldn't be halved.

The smoothies from Berkeley Square are obviously working on the time-honoured principle that if you want to knock down an idea you first exaggerate the consequences out of all proportion. Still, the muck-and-mystery brigade can take some comfort: if the pesticide barons are having to call in land agents to stick up for them they must really be getting rattled.

POOR old John Gummer. He's trying desperately hard to keep his farming chums sweet so that at least he can deliver a safe rural vote in 1991. At the NFU's annual meeting he was dispensing publicly-funded largesse so liberally that he got a better reception than NFU president Simon Gourlay.

So anxious is he to placate the farming lobby that he's even prepared to put his free market principles on the back-burner. Two or three years ago Number Ten was letting it be known that the days of the ridiculous milk monopoly board were numbered. Now it's clear that Mr Gummer is content to let the dairy industry godfathers go on rigging the milk market so long as the farmers and the dairies can agree between themselves.

Unfortunately for them the whole scam looks like being blown apart by another, less malleable government department. Through its social milk tokens, the Department of Social Security is Britain's biggest buyer of retail milk. Unfortunately it seems the mandarins who run the department haven't been fully briefed about the dairy industry's price fixing and its official sanctioning by the Ministry of Overproduction.

Quite arbitrarily, the DSS is using its buying muscle to cut the doorstep milk price by 3p a pint. And in doing so it has driven a jumbo-sized milk float through the whole milk marketing scheme leaving Agriculture Minister Gummer with gold top all down his front.

Sporting Life

WHEN former champion jockey John Francome applied for planning permission to build a new racing stable in Lambourn he was continually bogged down in petty red tape and bureaucratic obfuscation. If only he could have dragged himself away from Berkshire to the "Deep West" of mid-Devon: there, it seems, these things are easier to arrange.

This staunchly rural area and the adjoining Somerset border is the stronghold of Martin "The Weasel" Pipe, world's greatest racehorse trainer, noted supporter of animal rights, etc. Such is Pipe's sway that his henchmen may soon start to put up warning signs at the county line.

The Mid-Devon District Council has been pretty good to Pipe while he's been expanding his yard over the past eight years. He's put in an equine swimming pool, a new accommodation block for stable lads and, of course, that much talked about laboratory. And yet according to one or two brave dissenting voices, it seems that there was never a single planning application before any of these alterations was begun. When this fact was drawn to the attention of the authorities, power and influence were exerted to ensure that everything was passed in retrospect.

More recently the "Weasel" wrote to his local parish council to complain about the slippery surface of a ¼ mile stretch of road his horses use going to and from the entrance to his drive. His inquiry was referred to the county council and in no time a Barber-Green tarmacking machine appeared to relay the stretch in question at no small cost to the ratepayers. This instant attention caused a certain amount of irritation in non-racing parts of the parish where there are miles of pot-holed and deteriorating roads that have been neglected for years.

So how does it happen? The key players in this every day tale of country folk appear to be Mid-Devon District Council's chairman, Air Vice-Marshal Donald Attlee (nephew of the former PM) and fellow councillor and "attractive divorcee", Kate Bulley.

Ms Bulley is an apparently dynamic and tireless campaigner in local affairs who has ceaselessly waged war against planning infringements by lesser mortals but who is currently being allowed to renovate a bijou cottage of her own without even the merest semblance of restraint. Attlee is said to be rather smitten with the fair Kate, who has also been the subject of some flattering attentions by the estimable Dave Pipe.

This Dave Pipe is not the Christopher Lee-clone who handles the Jockey Club's PR, but Martin's old bookmaker dad who is a millionaire to boot. And locallyDave is rumoured to have provided financial assistance for Kate's stylish rebuilding scheme.

'Major Bonkers'

HUNT NEWS

IN THE last *Eye* we reported how hunt saboteur Martin Masterman-Lister was having difficulty prosecuting a couple of hunt followers who allegedly beat him up last summer. This has earned us a footling rebuke from right-wing academic Roger Scruton, who writes as follows:

Sir–Your account of Mr Masterman-Lister's experiences as a hunt saboteur asserts as fact what, in a court of law, could only be considered to be the testimony of a witness (namely, of Mr Masterman-Lister). Do you have some independent source for the claims which you make? If not, why do you say that the identities of Mr Masterman-Lister's assailants were "revealed" to him by the police? And why do you give the names of the alleged assailants, as though their guilt were proven? As you imply, the matter is still sub judice, and great damage could be done to possibly innocent people by this kind of "reporting".

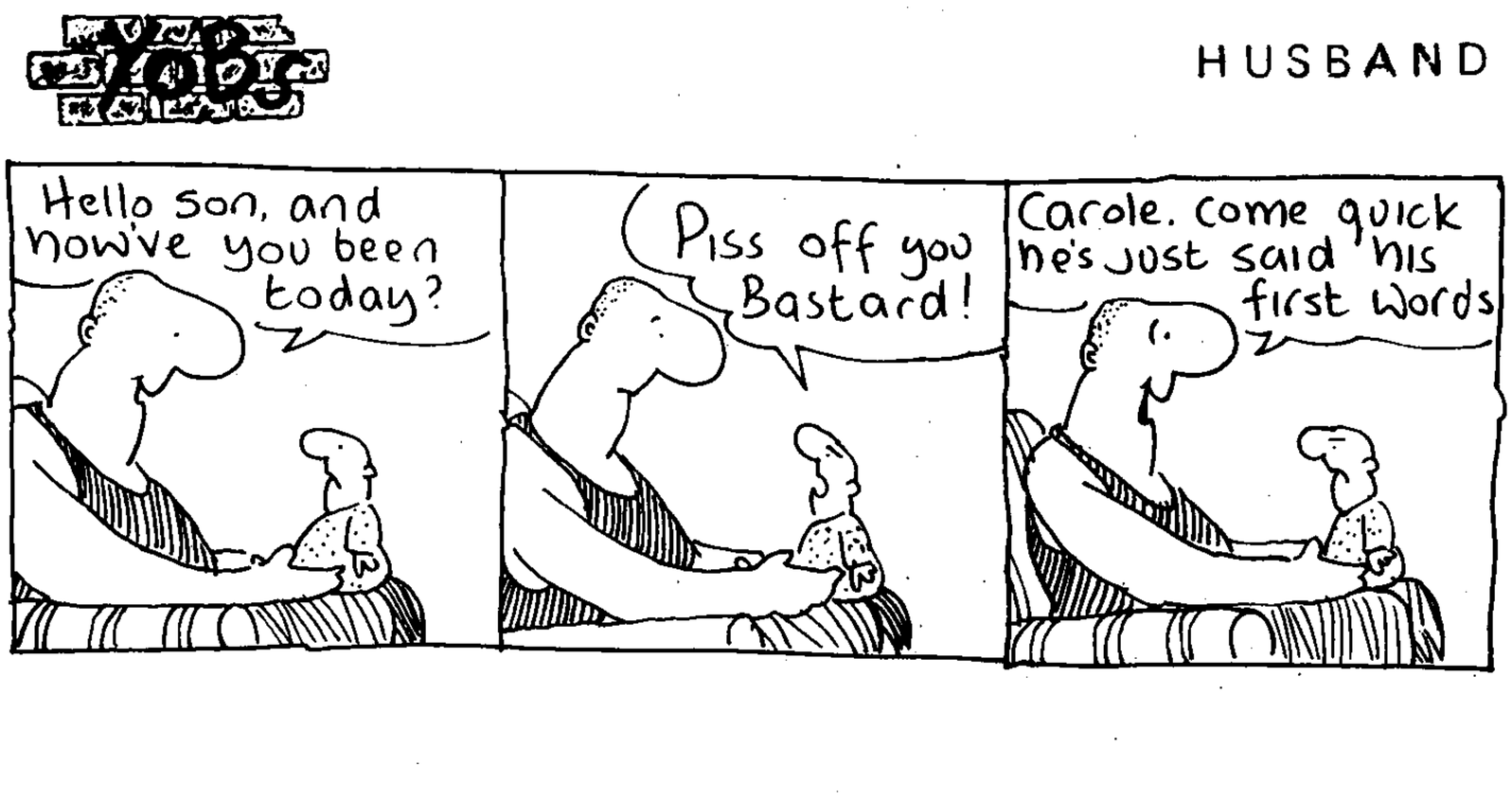
Yours sincerely,
Roger Scruton.

The letter is written on the notepaper of *The Salisbury Review—Quarterly Magazine of Conservative Thought*, which is published by Longman.

Scruton is as guilty as anyone of asserting as fact things which are simply his own — as it happens, incorrect — assumptions. No, we do not have an independent source for the claims we make, apart from Masterman-Lister himself. The reason we say the identities of Masterman-Lister's assailants were revealed to him by the police is that we have a copy of a letter to this effect from Superintendent Robert Fradley of Wiltshire police. If Scruton had read our article properly he would have seen that Masterman-Lister identified his alleged assailants to police offers at the scene of the incident and the police officers took the names and addresses of the two men.

How could Scruton, who is a trained barrister, fail to know that under English law it is possible to prosecute a person for assault based solely on the testimony of the alleged victim so long as persuasive medical evidence is available? In this case, Masterman-Lister sustained a fractured nose and severe bruising. How could he also fail to know that a criminal matter is not *sub judice* before charges have been brought, and that a civil matter is not *sub judice* until it has been set down for trial (usually some considerable time after a writ has been issued)? Since the thrust of our entire article was to complain that judicial proceedings had been denied to Masterman-Lister, it seems hard to imagine how the matter could be *sub judice*.

Nowhere in his inept letter does Scruton mention one fact that may have some relevance, namely that he is a keen fox-hunter and that he even bought Enoch Powell's old hunting pink.



ROTTEN BOROUGHS

BIRMINGHAM

CHILDREN'S homes run by the city council's social services department have seen yet more unaccustomed activity following the catalogue of abuses revealed in the last *Eye*.

First was the sacking of Brian Gillam (*Eyes passim*), the former officer-in-charge at Highgate Close. He had been suspended on full pay for 10 months after he first had an affair with a girl who was in his care and then, when she reached adulthood, made her a member of staff.

The sacking preceded by just a few days the publication of a 222-page report condemning Gillam as aggressive and authoritarian. The report, which also catalogued corruption, incompetence and child abuse by several senior officers, was carefully written, however: almost all its criticisms were aimed at people who have already left the department.

Nor was any mention made in it of Ivor Bell — the man in charge of most of the homes where children and staff have been abused. It was Bell who threatened eight women at Southview Home with the sack for reporting their senior officers, John Johnson and Nick Brasenall. The allegations levelled at the men included sexual and physical abuse against both children and staff. Eventually, when forced to act, Bell appointed Mike Ellison to investigate. Ellison was a close friend and squash partner of Johnson — hardly the most independent of investigators.

The abuses went on for several years before press attention forced the department to step in. Brasenall was sacked for having sex with a girl in care and Johnson resigned the day before his hearing on a similar charge.

Another group of women workers at the Sutton Road home complained of sexual, physical and racial harassment against both themselves and children by their officer-in-charge, David Jones. Bell's response was to warn them of possible legal action and to order them to keep quiet.

There the matter would have rested but for Jones's deputy, Pauline Hughes. She made such a fuss that Bell suspended her allegedly for tearing a child's T-shirt. That prompted complaints from every other child in the home over Jones's behaviour. Jones was suspended too and then given early retirement. Hughes was reinstated, but last autumn she was suspended again and now faces a hearing in early March — with Bell presenting the "prosecution". His case is so said to be so flimsy the department has refused to hand over background papers to her representatives.

Bell also controls St Athan — a home for very young children whose officer-in-charge is a Mrs Pat Connolly. Neighbours report seeing children washed naked from buckets of cold water in the back garden in both winter and summer. Connolly's husband, a retired fireman, has turned the home's play area into a car repair yard with the tots playing among the rusting hulks.

Another of Bell's responsibilities is the King's Lodge Home where an agency worker was recently caught punishing two eight-year-old girls by putting them in a dustbin. At yet another home, Hospital Street, Bell has authorised the suspension of a senior officer on charges of racism.

Bell reports to Bill Hendley, the senior assistant social services director who is almost as effective as his underling. He was told over two years ago of Gillam's behaviour by staff on a local rag and his response was to threaten legal action.

Supposedly ruling over all this chaos is Councillor Ken Barton, a metal worker at Jaguar Cars, chairman of the social services committee with a £100m annual budget — and not regarded as the most intelligent person in Birmingham.

He has presided over a department where dozens of children have been sexually and physically abused and where staff are leaving in droves. His response to a local hack seeking a comment: "Don't ask me — I'm just a factory worker. I leave decisions to the officers."

SIR Dick Knowles, the city council's Labour leader, seems finally to have flipped his lid over Birmingham's car pool scandal (see *Eyes passim*).

Readers will recall how senior councillors and officers rode around the city on personal journeys in luxurious chauffeur-driven limos at the ratepayers' expense.

The District Labour Party met recently to discuss the damage done by the affair to the party's chances in the forthcoming local elections and invited Sir Dick to address them. But instead of the serious discussion and rebuttal members had hoped for, comrades received a 10-minute rant.

Hugh McCreedy, the local elector who used obscure local government legislation to unearth the thousands of documents detailing years of abuse, was described as an "f-ing bastard". Sir Dick also warned his comrades that any carelessly worded motions would lead straight to a libel writ. But the threats seem to have backfired — the DLP has now demanded an internal inquiry to clear the party's name.

Sir Dick came under scrutiny from Price Waterhouse, the city auditors, for, among other things, using the mayoral limousine to take him to Manchester airport to go on holiday. But PW's damning report covered only one year's accounts and McCreedy's latest move is to lodge a demand with the Audit Commission to carry out an extraordinary audit on the car pool accounts dating right back to 1980.

If he succeeds, councillors could face thousands of pounds in repayments and possible disqualification.

THE former Labour MP Leo Abse has obtained an apology from the psychiatrist Dr Anthony Clare and the *Sunday Times* over a review of Abse's batty book about the psyche of Mrs Thatcher — *Margaret, Daughter of Beatrice*.

Dr Clare mistakenly claimed in the review that Abse (who once wrote a book psychoanalysing MPs) was a "trained psychoanalyst". Not in itself libellous, you might think, but the trouble is that Abse is himself a solicitor. Thus, he is able to write to Clare in the following terms: "Few comments could cause greater damage to my reputation than your malicious statement intended to leave readers and listeners with the belief that I was affecting to be a 'trained psychoanalyst': as is already clear to me from the protestations I have received, some of the many people who know me to be a solicitor are shocked to be told by your invention that I have falsely represented myself to be a 'trained psychoanalyst': since the whole thrust of your 'review' was that as a 'trained psychoanalyst' I was purporting to argue that I had a 'professional duty to expose' Thatcher, it is not surprising that you have left many with the firm impression that I was making a meretricious claim and holding myself out to have a professional qualification which I lacked."

Abse was not satisfied by a letter of correction that Dr Clare wrote to the *Sunday Times*'s books section shortly after the review had appeared, and demanded that an apology/advertisement be placed in both the *Sunday Times*'s books section and the *Radio Times*. This apology, which was cunningly drafted by Abse, not only apologised for the error but sought to give the book a plug. Abse wanted Clare to say: "I hope this controversial and challenging book will be read unclouded by any judgements I have made which were based upon my inadvertence."

The apology, in the terms Abse required, duly appeared with Dr Clare explaining for a second time that he had never intended to ascribe to Abse any professional qualifications he didn't have.

Letters

Aids de-camped

Sir,

Three cheers for your ex-reader W.D. Holmes who has cancelled his order after 25 years of buying Private Eye. He's probably only one of thousands who have had enough of ever-increasing vulgarity. Even I can remember when Private Eye was famous for its wit and parody. Nowadays it seems its readers consist of immature pseudo-intellectuals titillated only be obscenity. As for the controversial AIDS advert — the misguided Health Education Authority seem to be doing a wonderful job in encouraging sexual promiscuity — perhaps they have shares in the condom industry? Anyway, its goodbye from him and goodbye from me. And if Private Eye doesn't get a grip of itself it will be goodbye from many other readers.

Yours truly,
B.M. NICHOLLS,
Burton on Trent, Staffs.

Sex appeal

Sir,

If W.D. Holmes really values his/her family, s/he would continue buying the Eye and make the advert compulsory household reading. Surely this is why the ad precedes the rest of the Eye: to "come before a good laugh".

While W.D. Holmes, C. Flynn and others were undoubtedly more comfortable with the original "iceberg" adverts, educating about AIDS without referring to sex is as meaningless as teaching the Green Cross Code without mentioning cars: a notion I would challenge them to refute (if they are still reading).

Yours faithfully,
N. KRAVEN,
Basingstoke, Hants.

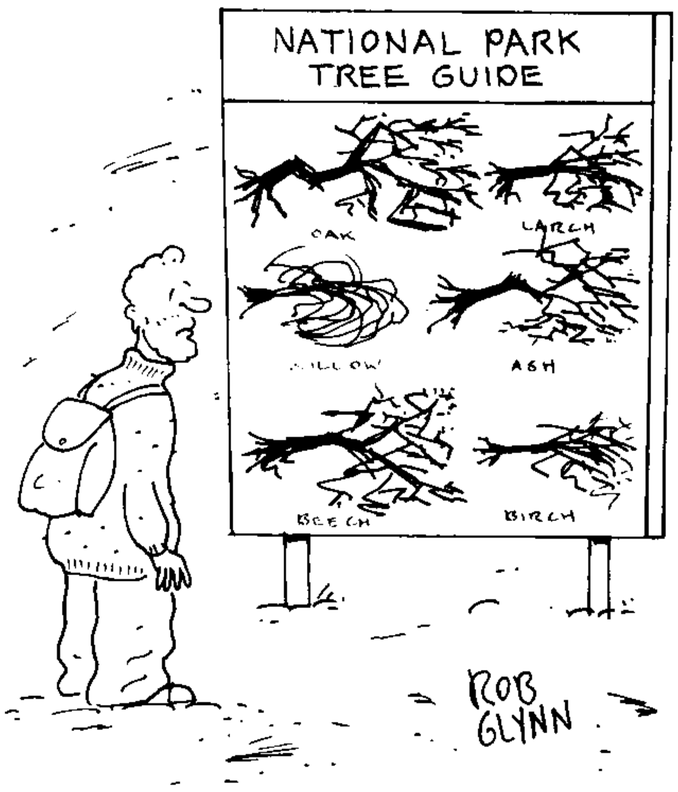
Moral support

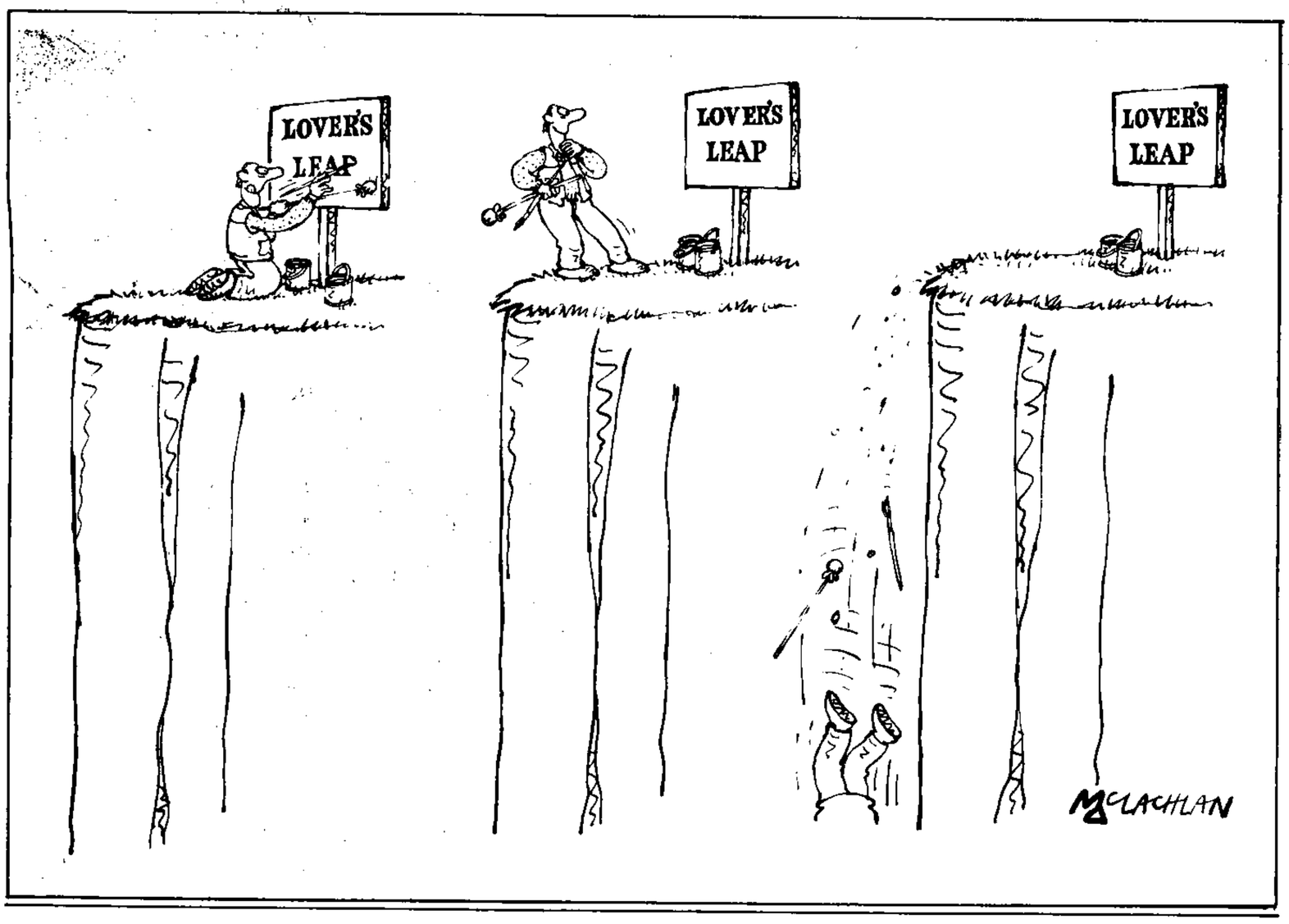
Sir,

I was surprised and disgusted to find yet another "moral bankrupt" in your letters column, in the shape of W.D. Holmes. "Moral bankruptcy" seems to be proliferating to such an extent that it might be time to call in the "moral receiver". So huge is the number of complaining bankrupts that your letters column is beginning to resemble the Barlow Clowes compensation board.

Yours,
M. CHAMBERLAIN,
Edinburgh.

PS: Might I suggest that Mr Holmes buy a real kiddies' comic for his precious family. "The Viz" perhaps. I suspect he will find considerably more than necks exposed.





Lady-like

Sir,

If Andrea Newman resembles Kingsley Amis in disguise (subtle, that) then your fearless anonymous Literary Reviewer must surely be Peregrine Worsthorne in drag (Eye 735). Having slagged off most of today's most successful female authors — Fay Weldon, Iris Murdoch, Margaret Drabble, Deborah Moggach — in turn, are we to conclude that your "Auntie Perry" is conducting some sort of finger-wagging, gentlemanly witch hunt? Why is it that female writers are fastidiously ticked off for showing a "repulsive" attitude to the "relationship between the sexes", while the monumental "nastiness", misogyny, misanthropy and cynicism of male writers like Ian McEwan, Martin Amis, Anthony Burgess (and just about everyone else) is let off lightly or still revered as High Art?

Ladylike and trivial or too "mucky" for decent chaps' liking — not much of a choice for female novelists, is it?

Yours indecently,
CHRIS HALBERD,
London, SE25.

Gutted reactionary

Sir,

Piloti has got it wrong about the chapel at Tonbridge School. As an Old Tonbridgian, and an ex-member of Smythe House, which looks out over the "Upper Hundred", I must tell you that the nearest "neo-gothic" building is — yes, you guessed — the gutted chapel. The nearest buildings to the Upper Hundred are The Tuck Shop, The Music School, and The School Shop, all of which might be described as "modern", though perhaps they are now looking a bit battered. The neo-gothic buildings are far away on the other side of the chapel and the "Quad", but I would definitely describe the library as "modern" and it blends in very well with the older buildings near it.

This new chapel does not need to blend in with any neo-gothic buildings, any more than the new swimming pool, built when I was at school there (1975-1979), had to. Would you take your argument to its logical conclusion and say that the gym, squash courts, fives courts, climbing wall, squash-rackets court et al should be built in a neo-gothic style?

Yours sincerely,
SIMON HICKS,
London, W11.

Playtime

Sir,

Your report on the murder of Ahmed Ullah in Rotten Boroughs (Eye 733) misses one important point. The day before Darren Coulbourne stabbed Ullah to death in the playground, he was reported to have said to a number of schoolmates that he was "going to kill a fucking Paki".

Now you and your intrepid reporters may interpret this statement differently, but I would have thought that even a Sun reporter could see that this was a racist attack. In your attempts to prove otherwise you desperately cite the murderer's arson attack on the Lower School art block (he didn't "try" to burn it down — he succeeded, and reduced the building to a burnt-out husk, so get your facts right) and describe it as a "non-racially motivated, old-fashioned arson attack". One can only conclude from your arguments that Coulbourne's second misdemeanour was nothing more than "a non-racially motivated, old-fashioned Paki-stabbing".

If for no other reason, this letter is bound to get your attention because it contains "that F-word", which, as we all know, is pretty trendy at the moment.

Yours faithfully,
ROBIN A. McMORRAN,
Idstein, FRG.

Heir loss

Sir,

Isn't it time to lay off Prince Charles? He can't help being a royal and seems to be the sincerest of the lot of them. It seems strange to pillory him for being passionately concerned with the very same issues (e.g. environment and architecture) that two of your regular columns, (Muckspreader and Piloti) address.

Besides, "Heir of Sorrows" is dead boring.
"God bless the Prince of Wales."

Yours loyally,
STEVE HAYES,
Southampton.

Grounds for football

Sir,

Re: "Well Saved" (Letters Eye 735)

What supercilious nonsense! Let's have some facts.

1. Writs have been issued against Cleveland Police in respect of their handling of the crowd at the Middlesbrough v Leeds game at Ayresome Park on the 9th of December 1989. Those writs were issued on behalf of Leeds Utd supporters.

2. The Taylor report recognised that South Yorkshire Police Force's "conditioned" response to the disaster at Hillsborough — ie that they assumed they were dealing with a pitch invasion rather than a catastrophe — was indicative of the current "high profile policing". No doubt your correspondent's ravings will merely confirm to your readership the existence of such conditioning.

3. Your correspondent seems completely unaware that the Leeds Service Crew is widely believed to have disbanded during the early 1980s following Leeds Utd's relegation from the First Division and West Yorkshire Police's highly successful operation "Wildboar". Perhaps he knows something that should be related to west Yorkshire police immediately!

4. Leeds United aggregate home attendance for the season to the 12th of February 1990 was 400,000. Leeds United recently played a midweek "friendly" game in Dublin in front of 12,000 people.

Leeds United's first home game of the season was against Middlesborough, 3,000 people were locked out.

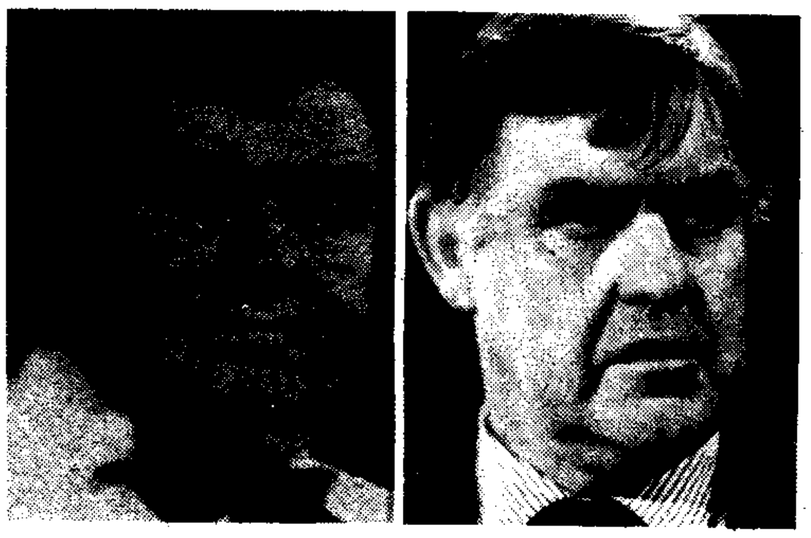
5. To be in a position to only be able to offer Leeds Utd 2,100 tickets at the present time merely goes to vindicate L.J. Taylor's view of the state of English football grounds.

6. Let's have facts when dealing with such serious issues and not the latest canteen talk from the local nick!

See you in the 1st Division.

Yours faithfully,
ANTHONY J. CAIN,
Leeds, W. Yorkshire.

Lookalike



Ingham **Dawson**

Sir,

I wonder if any of your readers have noticed the remarkable similarity between Bernard Ingham, Mrs Thatcher's loyal press representative, and Les Dawson, the piano playing comic. As they are both comedians, I wonder if they are related?

Yours faithfully,
ENA B. MAXWELL,
Headington Hall, Oxford.

Dimoldenberg Sum

Sir,

In a world which has just witnessed the downfall of a succession of crazed despots, it strikes an odd note that the Eye should be rushing to slap down the leader of the opposition to Westminster's own Elena Ceausescu.

Now that even members of her own party are beginning to find the vulgar and megalomaniac Shirley Porter something of a liability, your carping at Paul Dimoldenberg, leader of the Labour group on Westminster Council, seems remarkably ill-timed.

Mr Dimoldenberg was elected to represent the views of the people of Westminster, and his opposition to the unprincipled and iniquitous "Maida Village" development does just that. His employment as a consultant by developers in other parts of the country has no bearing whatever on his suitability as an elected representative in Westminster.

Mr Dimoldenberg is increasingly seen as the most likely successor to the ludicrous Lady Porter after the May elections. Your apparent subscription to the puerile belief that Labour politicians should lead spartish lives puts you, in this case at least, sadly out of touch with informed opinion. I expect better of the Eye.

SIMON HALL,
London, W9.

I-SPY *Romania*

Submitted by Ricardo Swain. £10 paid for similar submissions. *(SAE required for return of photographs. No transparencies.)*

Bottom dollars

Sir,

As an avid reader of Private Eye, I was delighted to see that you had initiated a Cartoon Strip of me. It is kind of you to do this. However, can I just point out, for the record (as I know Private Eye is a respected Newspaper of Record) that on no occasion have I ever said the words ascribed either to myself or to my bottom.

I thought you would like to know just out of interest that I have never received any representations from any of my constituents calling for any of the things you have stated.

If this is going to be a regular cartoon feature, I am certain that you will make the appropriate arrangements with my Agent for Royalties to be paid.

With best wishes.

Yours faithfully,
KEITH VAZ, MP,
House of Commons, SW1.

Air of sorrow

Sir,

I wonder if any of your readers have noticed the remarkable connection between bone cancer in Cumbrian children and the Sellafield nuclear power station?

I wonder if by chance they are related? I think we will never be told!

Yours faithfully,
LIZZIE REES,
Nuclear-free Pembrokeshire.

PS: Glad to see Gary Bloke is not really dead! Long live Celeb!

Small change

Sir,

Has anyone else noticed the remarkable similarity between the current BBC re-runs of "Pennies From Heaven" and bloody good, original entertainment?

In the interests of fairness, I think you should be told.

Faithfully,
S.C. BLAKE,
Croydon, Surrey.

Tart letter

Sir,

Has anyone noticed the remarkable resemblance between a Brillo pad and a scrubber?

Perhaps the former's lack of discernment could have been admonished from the Bench in the form:-

"Ignorance of the whore is no excuse."

Yours,
ANDREW HARWICH,
London N16.

Sucker

Sir,

If your correspondent (Guy R. Sharp of Catford, Eye 735) really wants to know, the misnomer "blowjob" derives from "blow" as a euphemism for ejaculate in American slang of the 1950s. In my Dictionary of Modern Slang (Bloomsbury, this September) I suggest that this in turn derives from the "there (s)he blows!" of whaling cliché. Before a heated correspondence ensues I should add that the term may also owe something to the jazz musicians "blowing" a trumpet, clarinet, saxophone, etc, or — dare I say it? — a harmonica.

Yours orally,
TONY THORNE,
Teddington, Middx.

Colemanballs

£10 paid for contributions

"He went down like a sack of potatoes, then made a meal of it."
TREVOR BROOKING, Radio 2
(M. Dawson)

"It was a catch 50/50 situation really."
DEAN WILLEY, ITV
(Ben Friend)

"It was in this hall last week that an Indian weight-lifter picked up three medals."
IAN PAYNE, Radio 4
(C.A. Ralls)

"Being seven points behind gives you a definite psychological advantage."
ALEX MURPHY, BBC1
(P.M. Steele)

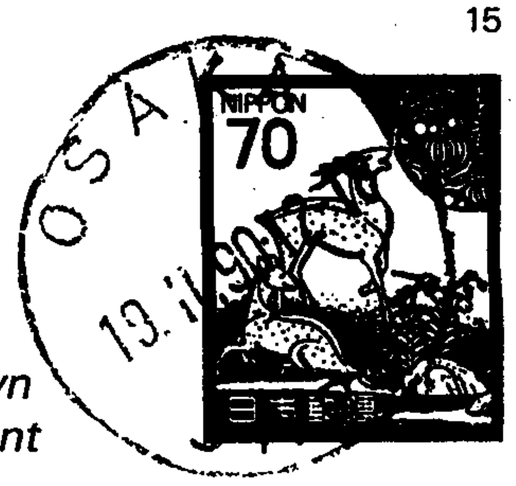
"Orange juice; that's the juice of an orange."
MICHAEL BARRY, BBC2
(Ben Boswell)

HOM SAP

BY DAVID AUSTIN

Letter from Japan

from Our Own Correspondent



AS THE huge building boom continues in Japan and multi-billion dollar projects roll off the drawing board, where is the rush of British construction and civil engineering companies eager to gain a slice of the Japanese pie? Come to that, where are the Americans, the Germans and the French?

Current building contracts here are estimated to be worth around $400 billion, yet US companies complain that they have gained business worth less than half of one percent of that.

The problem was recently highlighted with the proposal for a $7 billion airport near Osaka, expected to be one of the largest civil engineering projects of the 1990s. Non-Japanese companies have been complaining loudly that they have been shut out of projects connected with the new airport.

Last December the Kansai International Airport Corporation relented somewhat by agreeing to allow foreign companies to bid for contracts, case by case.

At the heart of it all, of course, is another of our wonderful old traditions — *dango*. This is the practice whereby our own construction companies collude behind the scenes to decide which of them will be entitled to a particular contract. The chosen company then becomes the only real bidder in a supposedly open market.

The president of one Japanese construction company told a Japanese weekly magazine last year: "Public works projects require 'adjustment'. If, for some reason, a big outfit shows strong interest in a particular project, the other large contractors will back off. 'You take this one,' they intimate. 'We'll get another one later on.' If you had to sweat out a low bid on every job, no one in the industry would make any money, and we'd all go broke."

So established has this practice become that newspapers have even been able to forecast who will win a contract far in advance of the official "bidding".

To say our government tolerates this system is an understatement. Policy has always been that only companies with a proven track record in Japan can be allowed to compete in public works bidding. In addition, the Federation of Construction Contractors is closed to foreigners. So a foreign company can't get access to the market unless it already has experience here... And it can't get experience unless it has access to the market.

But why does our government conspire in such a discredited practice — one that not only causes international friction but is obviously not in the interests of us taxpayers?

The national tax agency may have the answer. Figures released on 31 December show that construction companies in 1989 incurred "unspecified expenses" of ¥27 billion (£110 million). As we all know, this is a euphemism for kickbacks, bribes, and other incentives that keep the cosy system of *dango* under governmental patronage.

Recent pressure from the US, however, has begun to show results. The threat of a law suit over apparent bid-rigging for work carried out on a US navy installation in Japan has sent Japanese construction companies scurrying for cover. Contractors recently agreed to pay $32 million in damages out of court rather than subject the *dango* system to undue publicity.

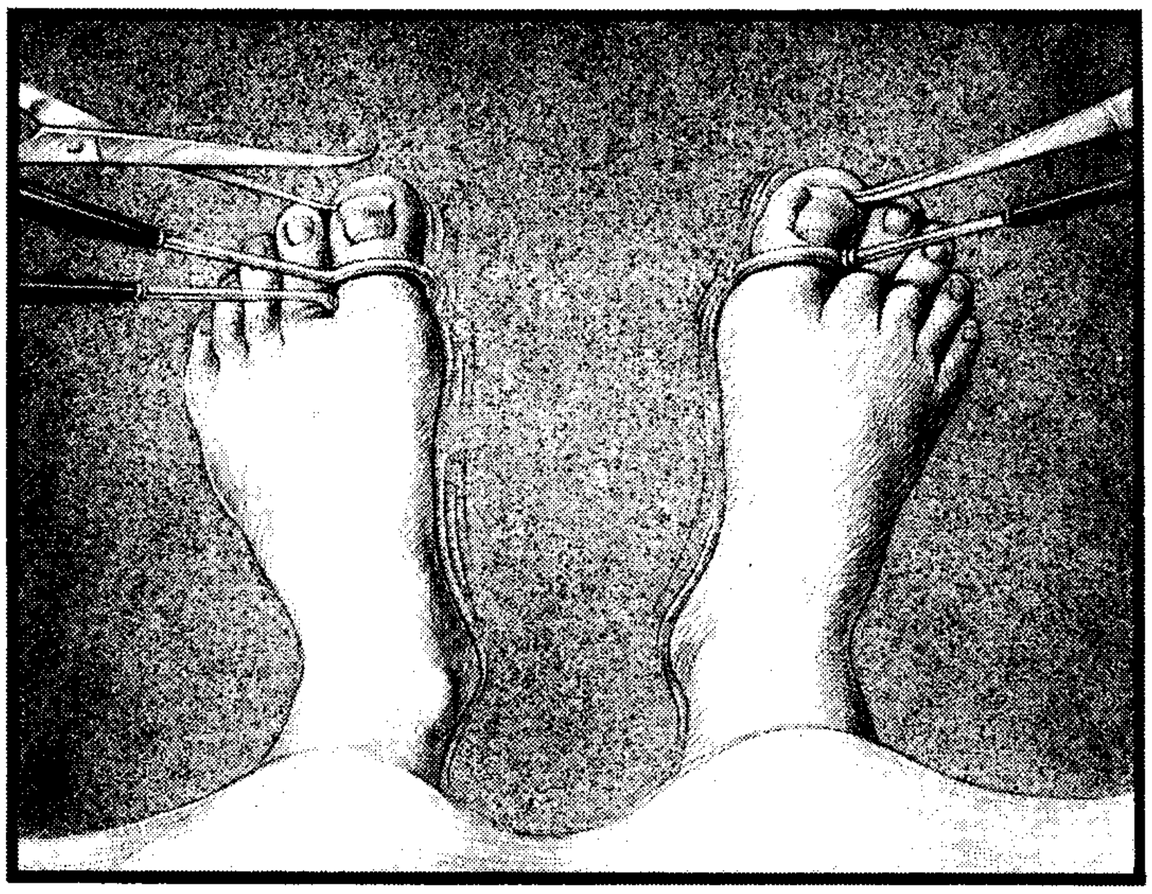
Our construction ministry agreed in January to grant licences to 11 American contractors. This has done little to appease the Americans, who are pushing for a greater opening up of the market. Perhaps they don't realise they are dealing with an industry so immersed in gangsterism and politics that any change will be purely superficial.

The acid test will be the airport project. *Dango*-watchers are waiting to see how many foreign companies win contracts — and how much of an interest Europeans will take in trying to prise open this lucrative market.

CHRISTOPHER LOGUE

TRUE STORIES

ILLUMINATED BY BERT KITCHEN



COMMENTING on the fact that her present boyfriend, Mr Rob Grogen, (83), had no intention of assaulting her former boyfriend, Mr Arthur Westwood (80), Mrs Nicolette Gibson said: "I knew Rob was not going out for a fight because he put his teeth in before leaving the house."

"I SHALL be complaining to the Director of Public Health," said Mrs Anne Radelli of Parma. "My daughter Desdemona suffers from ingrowing toenails. When the time came for her operation she asked for Mr Danilo Monza, a friend of the family, and the hospital's Deputy Chief Surgeon, to undertake it, but Mr Alfredo Bove, the Chief Surgeon, insisted on his right to operate and forced his way into the theatre. The next thing Desdemona knew was that Mr Monza was operating on the big toe of her right foot while Mr Bove was operating on the left. She found this very upsetting."

"I AM NOT by nature a violent person," said Mr James Hamilton, a greengrocer from Bridgend, "but when, as a result of Harry Boston's slapping me on the back my glass eye shot out and rolled down the drain outside the Happy Driver Cafe, and he would not stop laughing, I hit him one."

AS A result of irregularities in earlier inter-island cricket competitions — during which players of less than 18 took the place of their fathers, some players turned out to be quite different people from those they claimed to be, as well as two women who posed as their husbands — the Solomon Islands Cricket Federation cancelled the match between the Vanuatu Olos and the Muni Pikininis because, said Mr Romulus Naibae, the chief umpire, "only two of the players had brought their birth certificates for inspection and one member of the Olos tried to fob off officials with his uncle's dog licence."

AFTER hearing from the plaintiff, Mr Bernard Moffatt, a trades union organizer from Douglas, that the original statement he made after his arrest had been edited and redated, a spokesman for the Manx police told the court: "In the Isle of Man we normally clarify statements in this way."

DESCRIBING the development as "a win-win situation", the Reverend T.J. Dove of Chicago went on to say that five of the "10-floor-parking-decks" which will rise above the top of his "completely rebuilt at no cost" St Mary's church, "will have fun themes — the Oklahoma Deck, for example, with show songs and videos. In addition, Father Dove continued, "the parish will get 25 per cent of the parking fees and free parking for the regular elements in the congregation of Sundays and Holy Days of Obligation."

INTERVIEWED after the New Zealand Grand Prix, Ken Smith said: "I never go to bed early before a race. Now and again I'm up all night working on the car. Two years ago I had bypass surgery, and I have often driven a race with one eye because my right contact lens has a habit of slipping out when I am concentrating."

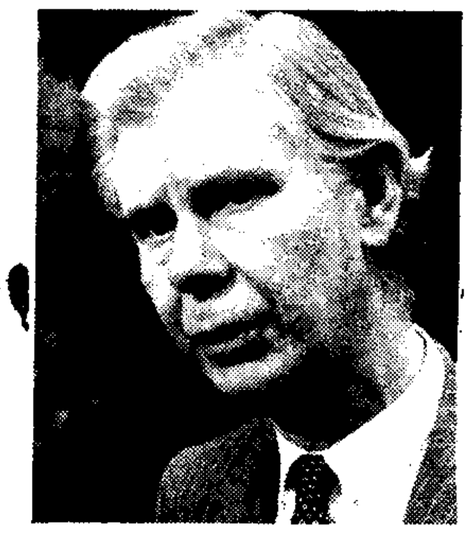
INFORMATION: Bolton Evening News 15.12.89; La Republica 15.1.90; Western Mail 2.1.90; Solomons Star (nd.); TGWU News, Douglas, IOM 16.1.90; New York Times 14.1.90; Auckland Star 15.1.90.

MONITORS: David E. Brown, Diego Gembetia, M. Abington, D.R. Hughes, Barney Oldfield, John Mowbray.

Carcin...
Eau...
Genic

New from the Eye

It's Indie rhyming slang!



Frog and Toad	City Road
Bored stiff	Whittam Smith
William Rees-Mogg	Read on the bog
Weekend Review	Nothing new
Adam Mars-Jones	Clones
Heavy type	Sunday hype
Whittam Strobes	Investigative probes
Alexander's rag	Saturday mag
Black & white cover	Steven Glover
Oliver Gillie	Willie

10 Downing Street
Whitehall

Dear Bill

Fancy bumping into you at the Savoy! I'd no idea you were a member of that particular Order. A very handsome apron, and from the noise emanating from the Iolanthe Suite it sounded to be a pretty good binge. As you may have gathered from the blatts, the Mem and I were guests at a little celebration of Sailor Ted's Forty Years Up the Mast. When the stiffy came in a month or so back, my inclination was to tell the fellow where he could put it. I mean after the things he's said about the Boss, how he could have the nerve to invite us seemed to me v. rich. M. was of a like mind and was in the middle of doodling on it with her Highliter when little Tinker Bell our media adviser minced in with the clippings. They were, he said, not of the brightest. Poll Tax was proving a pretty good turkey, there was some reluctance among the unwashed to see M. as the Champion of Mandela and Saviour of Eastern Europe, surely E. Heath's Bunfeast a golden opportunity to take the front pages and establish her as a woman of magnanimity and statesmanship who did not bear a grudge.

So it was that we found ourselves queuing up on the stairs of the River Room together with old skullface Home, Fatty Prior and various of M's other liquidees, waiting to shake the powdered hand of the Old Man of the Sea. Sweetness and light had been pretty firmly hammered into us by Bell, and Margaret was wearing the fixed grin she normally keeps for pressing flesh at the Commonwealth Conference. "Ted!" she soothed, "many, many congratulations. So many years of loyal service to our party!" "Thank you very much", came the abrupt reply. "Extremely good of you to come. And this must be your husband. How do you do? You'll find the drinks straight ahead. There's fruit cup, and spirits have to be paid for. Ha ha." At this he revealed all his yellow teeth, his shoulders began to heave, and I propelled Margaret forward into the reception before there was any unpleasantness.

It was not unlike going to hell. All sorts of people one imagined to be dead, in most cases by Margaret's hand, standing there and leering. Old Carrington, for one, bowled up and slapped me on the back, spectacles agleam, and congratulated me on my stamina. Did I remember the time he shouted at the Boss over Rhodesia so loudly that the policeman came in and fingered his lapel? Could I imagine Hurd doing that kind of thing? He laughed a lot, said how glad he was to be out of it, and that it didn't look as if I'd have to suffer for very much longer the way things were going. Then one I couldn't remember at all, but I think may have been Pym, came up and said the day he'd been sacked had been the happiest day of his life. He and his wife had gone out to a restaurant in Abingdon and got completely sloshed, then came home and set fire to a big picture of the Boss they had cut out of the Illustrated London News.

Just my luck when we sat down therefore to find myself next to the blue-jowled Munster, sniggering a good deal at M's discomfiture as she forked in the smoked meats and listened abstractly to the skeletal chatter of her predecessor of the Hirsel, recounting from what I could catch, how he'd bagged two seagulls and a shrike, whatever that is, and his wife had cooked them for supper and found them rather bony.

Whatever you say about Munster, he is very sound on the BBC, especially that chap with the beard and the funny accent they have on in the mornings. He told me, which I didn't know, that Redbeard, or whatever his name is, was a member of the Communist Party and wrote for the Daily Worker under the name Moscow Mike, and that the Scots woman he was on with was Life President of the Lesbian Anarchist League until it was closed down by the police. He had all this from M's friend Woodrow Wyatt, that fat man with the wet cigar and the double-breasted pinstripe who runs a lot of betting shops. I wrote it all down on the back of my menu to show to the Boss afterwards, but by that time Ted was on his feet with the reptiles flashing away all round him, hoping for what is called a good photo opportunity of the Boss doing the Gamma Rays.

However, all that passed off without further trouble, and Margaret went home convinced that the hatchet was buried, at least as far as the public was concerned, and that E. Heath had been melted by her gracious presence. Picture her distress, then, when we turned on Sir Alastair Burnet's Newsround, to see a post-prandial interview filmed after our departure with our wobbly-jowled friend now flushed with fine wines, putting the boot in as before on a variety of pretexts. "Isolated from Europe, isolated from America, what's she going to do?" What she did immediately was to snap off the remote control and give Bell the most terrible bollocking down the blower.

A propos the Hun, the Nation has me to thank for putting a bit of spine into poor Hurd. Despite his white hair and stooping demeanour, he is not old enough to remember as we do two world wars brought about directly by the Boche. No wonder that as soon as the Russkies relax their grip, up pops Fatty Kohl calling for Lebensraum and a United Fatherland. As I explained to Hurd, the only language they understand is armed intervention, or failing that the medicine old Bomber Harris used to spoon out day after day and night after night until they began to see sense.

Have you had your Poll Tax form? I can't see what all the fuss is about. Do you remember Simonds-Gooding from Burmah days? He inherited quite a large place near Crowhurst as well as a comfortable house in Belgrave Square. I saw him at Trumper's the other day, and he was absolutely cock-a-hoop. He said he was looking at something like two grand a year less than what he was paying on the rates and gave me a cigar. So why all the palaver? Furniss suggests I call Dulwich mine for the purposes of the form, with myself as sole occupant. Alas, would that it were so!

Yours on a tight leash,

Denis

IN THE SALEROOM

Astonishing jewel hoard expected to fetch £2000 billion

by Our Sales Staff
Sharon and Tracy

The leading auction house of Sotheby's has brought off an astonishing coup, as it offers for sale an unparalleled collection of "jewelled orbs, sceptres and crowns" dating from a variety of different periods, conservatively estimated at £8000 billion.

The jewels come from the collection of the prominent East End collecter Mr Nosher Stibbs, who is selling the hoard "for personal reasons".

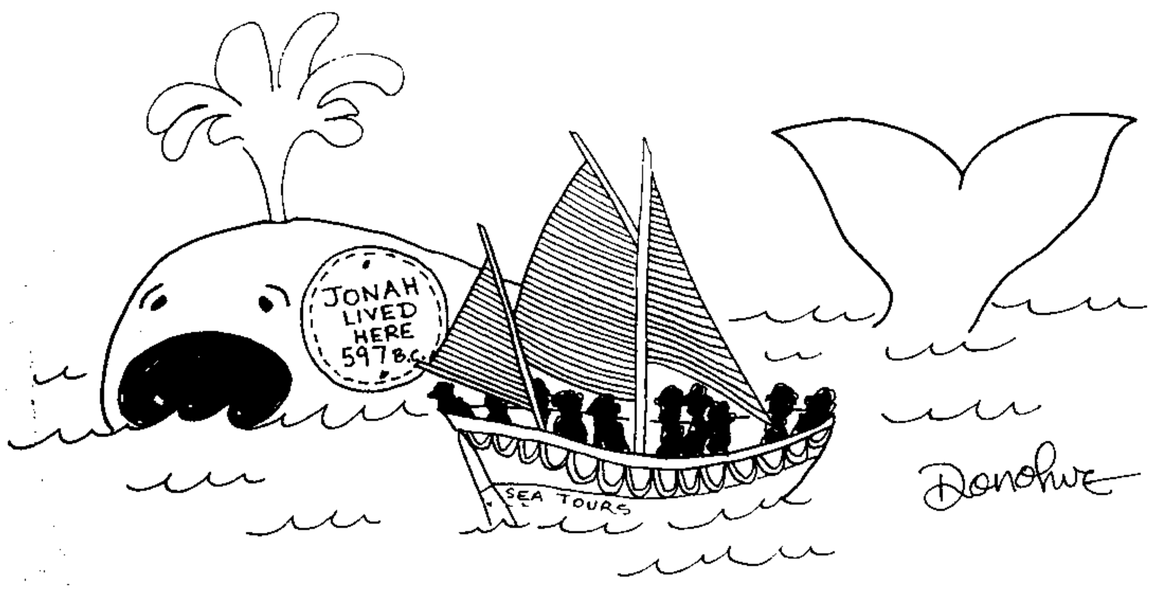
At a press conference yesterday, Sotheby's chairman Lord Gowrie said: "We are honoured to be handling a collection of this importance, which our experts assure us is quite unique."

The head of Sotheby's crown jewels department, Mr Hugo Montgomery de Strypeshirtte, said: "We believe that at some time in the past this collection probably belonged to one of the royal houses of Europe.

"There is some mystery surrounding the exact provenance of the jewels, but Mr Stibbs has shown us an export licence from the Trucial States, signed personally by Sheikh Hallah-ran, which seems to indicate that the jewels originally came to the Trucial States from Panama.There is nothing suspicious whatsoever about the provenance of these stolen goods."

Among the many interested viewers when the jewels went on show yesterday was Inspector Knacker of the Yard, who said: "It is only a hunch at this stage, but I have a funny feeling that we've seen this little lot before, possibly in the films of the Coronation".

The Marquess of Northampton is 53.



Now it's Charles Moore — The Novel!

After 30 years as Britain's youngest editor of the *Spectator* ("The best-written weekly periodical in English" — G. Greene, 1931), Charles Moore has decided it is time to move on to pastures new. He has told friends that he is going to spend the next six months in the country "writing a novel".
Now read on...

Old at Heart

Charles Moore

The story of one man's passionate love for the Old Prayer Book

CRISPIN looked out of his window onto the all-too-familiar Bloomsbury street scene. How many times, he thought, had he gazed out of that window, watching the elderly figure of traffic warden P149 pinning a ticket to some ghastly Volvo? How tiresome it had all become, this job of being editor of the *Discriminator.*

Was it only six years ago that he had taken over the editor's chair from the legendary figure of Alexander Treasurer? Then, at the age of 19, the world had seemed at his feet. Cabinet Ministers at the famous weekly *Discriminator* lunches. Invitations to appear on the BBC's *Question Night*. Columns in the *Daily Excess*. The world had seemed at his feet, a veritable oyster to be savoured like a vintage wine or a rich Havana cigar.

But for months now a dreadful feeling of ennui had been creeping upon him. He gazed with distaste at the congealed cup of coffee that had been placed on his desk an hour before by Miss Patterson.

How many more times would he have to ring up his columnist Jeff O'Toole on Wednesday mornings to find out yet again why his copy was terrible? *(Don't you mean 'late'? Ed.)* How many more times would he have to rack his brains for a diary paragraph about these awful new electronic ticket machines on the underground — or the unsightly "bar codes" which now, by law, had to disfigure the front cover of the *Discriminator*?

A shudder of distaste for everything about this horrible, plastic, throwaway, electronic modern world ran through his dark-suited frame.

He would have to throw it all in and write a novel. But what could he, Crispin Dale, possibly write about?

Then, suddenly, it came to him. A character called Clovis Hill would be his hero. Clovis Hill, the Old Etonian editor of a fashionable magazine called "*The Inquisitor*".

He could see how it would begin.

"It was a dark and stormy night and Clovis looked out of his window..." *(Continued p. 94)*

GLENDA SLAGG

Now — Satellite's Hottest Dish! (Geddit?!)

● **JOHN BROWNE — aren'tchasickofhim?!?! With his oily hair and his I-ain't-done-nothing-wrong-Missus smile?!? I say the Dishonourable Member for Winchester should pack his bags and scram!?!!**

Not only does the Brylcreem Boy take greasy backhanders from his rich Arab chums but he tries to put his wife inside and take all her money as well?!?!

'Scuse me, mister, while I throw up!?!!

○ MRS BROWNE — aren'tchasickofher?!?!! Sitting around all day a-groanin' and a-moanin' just cos hubby's run off with all the silver!?!!

No good cryin' over spilt milk, ducks?!?! Men are all the same?!?!

● *JOHN BROWNE — don'tchaluvhim?!? With his manly chin and smooth-talkin' ways, this luvable back-bench bounder has got one gal a-quiverin' and a-shiverin'?!?!*

Come on Browne-Eyes (geddit?), take the Chiltern Hundreds and spend them on dinner for two avec moi?!?! (Geddit?!)

○ BONG! Sir Alastair falls over!?! Bong! Who cares?!

● HI THERE, Pop Pickers!?! Spare a tear for Johnny Ray!?! He's the heartthrob who has us all a-dreamin' and a-screamin' back in the Fab Fifties?!?!

It makes a gal feel her age!?! *(Miss Slagg is 71. Ed.)*

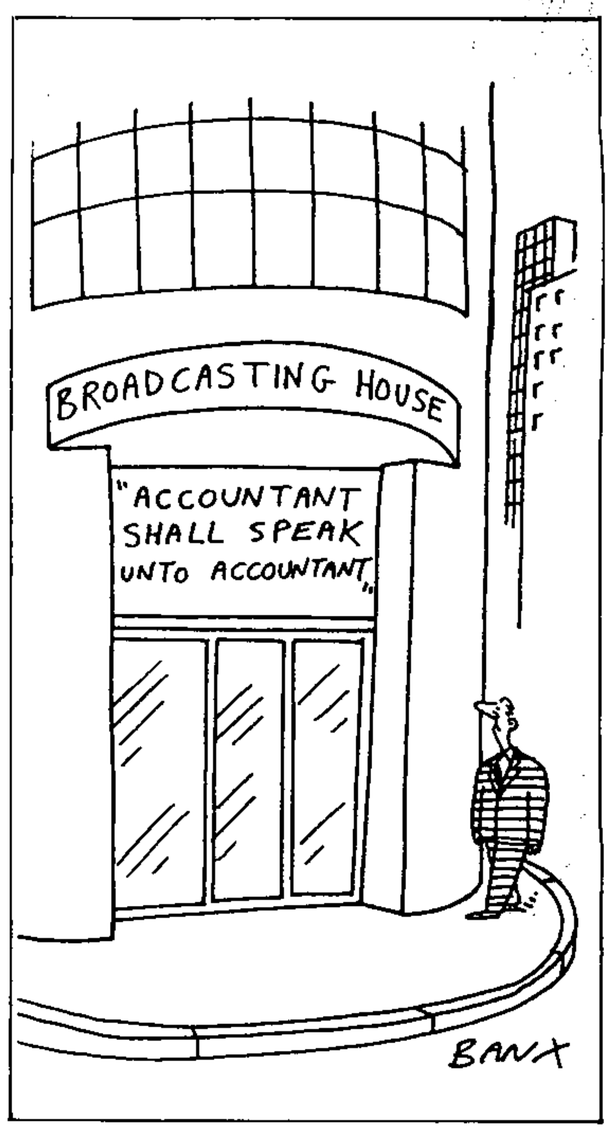
○ *SO. Tessa Sanderson says she spent the night with Mr Muscles and he never laid a finger on her?*

Who can blame him?!?!

You might throw a javelin pretty far, but in the Bedroom Olympics, honey, you've still got a lot of training to do?!?

● HERE they are — Glenda's Mad March Herrs (Geddit?!?)!

Jacob Rothschild — He's saved the Three Graces for the nation, stoopid!? Here's



one he missed (Geddit?!)!

Jonathan Sacks — The new Chief Rabbi!?! Mmmmm?!!! He's what I call a Sacks Symbol?!??! (Geddit?!)

BSB boss **Mr Symonds-Gooding** — crazy name, crazy guy!?!!

Byeeeee!!

DAN DIRE
PILOT OF THE FUTURE?
by HUGH STUN
I FORGOT TO DISCLOSE THAT I'M A COMPLETE CROOK — SORRY.
DO THE HONOURABLE THING.
NO. I'LL DO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THING. ACCEPT ANOTHER BACKHANDER.
ON A FARAWAY PLANET THE GIANT BROWNE WORM TURNED AND REVEALED ITS UNDERBELLY...
♪ JOHN BROWNE'S BOOTY IS A MOULDERIN' IN HIS WALLET ♪
DUNE FIDDLIN'
THE MAGGON WAS FURIOUS WITH HER ERSTWHILE ECHNODERM...
BROWNE, YOU WORM, YOU'RE GUILTY OF DECEPTION, LYING AND FINANCIAL IRREGULARITY.
SO?
SO WHY AREN'T YOU IN THE CABINET?
I REFUSE TO APOLOGIZE — UNTIL SOMEONE PAYS ME.
MEANWHILE THE VENUSIAN ARCHFIEND EXERCISED HER INTER-GALATIC DIPLOMACY WITH CUSTOMARY EVIL...
COLONEL DIRE'S PURSUIT OF THE MAGGON HAD GONE SO WELL THAT HE HAD OVERTAKEN HER...
ONLY A COMPLETE DISASTER CAN STOP US NOW, PIGBY.
SO SHOULDN'T YOU RESIGN?
SO WHAT SHALL WE DO WHEN THE MAGGON THROWS IN THE TOWEL?
PUT IT ON MY HEAD TO KEEP IN WITH THE MUSLIMS.
FLABBERGASTIN' FATWAHS!
DISASTER AWAITED MAJOR JOHN IN HIS BATTLE TO AVOID THE DREADED INFLATIONARY VORTEX....
GROUND OUT-OF-CONTROL TO MAJOR JOHN: HELP!
DON'T WORRY. YOU'RE SAFE AS HOUSES.
OH NO! MORTGAGES; POLTAX; FLOODS! DOUBLE HELP!
CAN YOU OFFER ANY RELIEF?
YES. I'LL BE OUT OF A JOB PRETTY SOON.
I TELL YOU, SANCTIONS DON'T WORK! PARTICULARLY IF YOU DON'T APPLY THEM!
BUT...
ZAP!
IT'S THE LAAGER LOOT!
SURELY, YOUR MENTALNESS, THEY'VE TOLD US THAT SANCTIONS SHOULD BE MAINTAINED...
I CAN'T BUY THAT — IT'S FROM SOUTH AFRICA.

Alternative Rocky Horror Service Book

No. 94: Ordination Of An Divorced Person (or it may be an person married to an divorced person)

President: Brethren, we are gathered here to perform the sacramental act of ordination with regard to N_____ *[Here he will name the ordinand, be he he or she]*. Who is it that shall vouch for N_____, that he or she be deemed suitable ordination material regardless of the fact that he or she is an divorced person?

(Here the Bishop shall step forward with the completed form 37b for the Act of Vouchership)

President: Hast thou fully investigated the tragic circumstances that led to the breakdown of the marriage between N_____ and Mrs N_____?

Bishop: Indeed I have.

President: And did you find that both the parties had conducted their divorce proceedings in a civilised and compassionate manner?

Bishop: It was all a long time ago.

President: I am pleased to hear that.

Bishop: Anyway, she made his life a misery.

All: So he deserveth the chance to make an fresh start.

(There shall then be a reading taken from "Every Day You Can Make A Fresh Start" by the Very Rev. Rabbi Bluejoke [BBC Publications])

"Hullo Brian, hullo Sue. You know, when I got up this morning I said to myself, 'Lionel, it's cold out there — you'd better put on your nice woolly hat, the one your dear old granny knitted for you all those years ago.' So I did — and, you know, I really did feel ever so much better. Life's like that. Isn't it? 'Bye."

Here endeth the lesson.

All: And now here is Brian with the latest travel news.

THE ORDINATION

President: Dost thou, N_____, wish to join the honoured estate of a clerk in holy orders?

N_____: I do.

President: Welcome aboard. You have joined a first-rate management team, offering the chance to engage in work in the community across a wide range of social disciplines, albeit often with under-resourced back-up.

(Here they shall sing the hymn Kylie Eleison)

"Neighbours, everybody needs good neighbours.
With a little love and understanding
We can all of us make a fresh start
And good neighbours can become good friends."

The President: That's the end of the service. There will be coffee and biscuits at the back of the church afterwards, and you are all welcome. Amen.

All: That's it.

That Heath 40-year lunch menu in full

THE SAVOY HOTEL

Sour Grapefruit Segments

✿

Cold Tongue Pie

✿

Selection of Chips on Shoulder

✿

Bitter Lemon Sorbet

✿

Hard Cheese

✿

Bottle of Vintage 1979 Vinegar

✿

Toast: That Bloody Woman

Proposed by Guest of Honour Rt. Hon. E. Heath

ROTTWEILER ATTACKS AGAIN

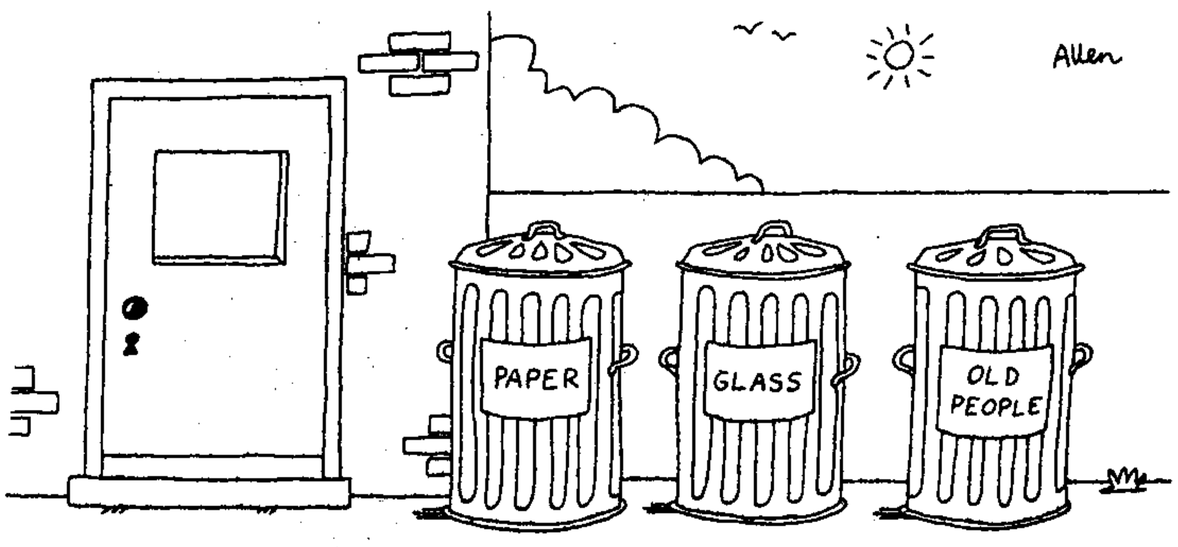
by Our Mad Dog Staff
Sir Noel Coward

A savage beast answering to the name of "Tebbit" has again run amok, savaging several BBC bosses whom he decided were "mincing, poofy Trotskyites wallowing in the slime of the sordid 'sixties".

This is not the first time Tebbit has run wild in this way. A few years ago, an innocent BBC lady journalist, Miss Kate Adie, was horrifically mauled by the deranged animal.

Said one observer: "Tebbit has clearly been trained to attack members of the BBC. His owner, a Mrs M. Thatcher, seems to see nothing wrong in keeping a homicidal creature to protect her from imagined enemies."

Mrs Thatcher has refused frequent appeals from the public to have the Tebbit put down before he causes yet more unnecessary suffering.



TV

EAT UP YOUR GREENS!

New spring series

More fun packed frolics with Britain's foremost environmentally friendly sitcom family.

(Silly music. Shot of the Green family cycling round Solihull. Cut to Mrs Green in kitchen making Sugar-Free Oak-Leaf-and-Rhubarb Jam. Enter Mr Green with large cauldron which he places on the floor)

MR GREEN: Is this big enough for you, mother?

MRS GREEN: George! Not now!

MR GREEN: That's not what I meant, and you know it!

MRS GREEN: Where's our Billy? He's needed.

(Billy comes through French windows with Rottweiler. Mr and Mrs Green stare aghast)

BILLY: Uh-oh! Look's like I'm in a *jam*!

MR GREEN: Why, you...!

MRS GREEN: Billy, where on earth did you get that dog?

BILLY: He's called Ripper. I found him in the back garden eating Dad's lawn-mower!

MRS GREEN: Well, get him out of my kitchen.

BILLY: But Mum, I thought we were meant to look after dumb animals.

MR GREEN: I'll look after you Billy if that's what you mean, you...

(He raises hand. Dog growls menacingly. The doorbell rings. Enter policeman with Debbie in handcuffs)

POLICEMAN: Mr and Mrs Green? I have the unfortunate duty to inform you that your daughter, Debbie, has been charged with wilful damage and disturbing the peace.

BILLY: Give her a piece of your mind, Dad!

MR GREEN: Quiet Billy! Is this true, Debbie?

DEBBIE: Yes, it's true, our Dad, and I'm proud of it.

POLICEMAN *(reading from notes):* "At 3.45 this afternoon Debbie Green did spray paint onto the fur coat belonging to Mrs Ethel Bookeridge as she attempted to leave the premises of Everton's Fur Emporium in the Hagley Road, and did shout 'Poor Bitch' at the aforementioned Mrs Bookeridge several times!"

MRS GREEN: Oh no! How shaming!

DEBBIE: No, it's alright, our Mum, it wasn't an aerosol spray!

BILLY: They'll still put you in the *can* though, Debbie!

MRS GREEN: Let's bow our heads and ask the spirit of the whole earth to lead us to an understanding of the beauty of life and the oneness of all life forces including the police.

(Dog perks up, ears twitch, saliva begins to pour from jowls and he bites huge lump from the metal cauldron)

POLICEMAN: Well, in this particular case I was going to throw the book at you.

DEBBIE: Well as long as it's *The Alternative Synthetic Fur Guide* with a forward by Spike Milligan I don't mind. So do your worst, copper.

(At the word "copper", Ripper leaps at policeman, who falls backward into table covered in empty jam jars which shatter loudly. Mr Green tries to intervene, rolling on the floor covered in jam)

BILLY: If you're against fur coats so much Debbie, how would you like to spray Ripper?

DEBBIE: Dad! Dad!

MRS GREEN: Down, boy! Good boy!

POLICEMAN: Grab his collar, someone!

BILLY: I thought that was your job!

(Pandemonium ensues. Cut to hospital ward. Mr Green and the policeman are swathed in bandages in adjacent beds)

MR GREEN: My wife brought me some jam. Would you like some?

POLICEMAN: Don't try and sweeten me up!

MR GREEN: No chance of that. It's sugar-free.

POLICEMAN: You won't be free when you get out of here. No dog-licence, in charge of a criminal minor...

MR GREEN: But my car's not a Morris, it's a 2CV!

POLICEMAN: I know! And it doesn't have a current tax disc either. You'll be looking at a fair bit of porridge when you get out of here — and I don't mean your sort of organic muck.

(Nurse enters with bedpan. Cut to wasteground in Solihull. Billie and Leroy are playing with Ripper)

LEROY: Tell 'im "Fuzz" and watch 'im go!

BILLY: You know, Leroy, this stuff about Rottweilers is a lot of *fuzz* about nothing!

LEROY: Crucial!

(Close up of Ripper eating a policeman's bike)

RIPPER: Woof!

(Silly music. Credits)

ANNOUNCER: Next week the comedy carers get into more scrapes when Debbie and Billy firebomb the local Halal meat shop on the grounds of cruelty...

THE GUINNESS BOOK OF RECORDS

Judicial

Longest trial in history

The trial of Mr Ernest Saunders and others at Southwark Crown Court lasted a record 75 years, from 10 February 1990 to 3 November 2065. When the last defendant died, the trial was adjourned.

Largest fee for a single barrister

Sir Ephraim Hugefee QC, in the case of *R. v. Saunders and Others*, submitted an interim bill for £18,212 billion. He just pipped Sir Rampton Batman QC, in the same case, whose fee was £18,211 billion.

Largest number of 'Bundles' ever fitted into one courtroom

The evidence in the case of *R. v. Saunders* (1990-2065) amounted to some 2,412,861,216 billion words, weighing twice the total mass of the planet Neptune. This evidence was contained in 8,685 billion "bundles".

Worst drawing of a judge in a newspaper

The drawing of Mr Justice Garrick in the *Daily Telegraph* during the trial of *R. v. Saunders* was mistaken by many for a portrait of Mr Nelson Mandela (later Life-President P.W. van der Mandela of South Africa).

HEIR OF SORROWS

BY

SYLVIE KRIN

THE STORY SO FAR: There are rumours that the Princess Royal is reuniting with her estranged husband, Mark.

Now read on...

"ONCE it's finished, Chazzo, it's finished." Diana clipped vigorously at the Sir John Junor Floribunda in the Highgrove garden, the early spring sunshine catching flecks of gold in her hair.

Charles waited patiently with the wheelbarrow.

"Well I'm not sure. I know that you're sort of an expert now with this marital thingie but I feel you know, as her brother, one has a sort of obligation to er..."

"Look Chazzer! It's what we call a category one irretrievable breakdown situation." Her delicate fingers grabbed a dead twig and tossed it into the barrow, which had been hand-produced by Viscount Linley at his Fulham factory. Its sides were gaily painted with flourescent pinball motifs. As Charles moved along behind his wife, he persisted with his optimism.

"No, no I was reading this book about these tribes in Papua New Guinea, the Pizzahuttas, and er divorce is apparently unknown there. They really work at it, as the author says..."

Diana interrupted him.

"Three guesses who the author is!"

"Well it doesn't matter who it is."

"But it is, isn't it?"

"Well, sort of."

"Own up Chazzahut, it's your old friend and mentor, Sir Laurens van der Post."

Charles was temporarily embarrassed and pushed the wheelbarrow into a muddy patch, dislocating the wooden wheel with surprising ease. But Charles was not one to let an argument go, especially when he felt duty involved.

"Look, Diana, I'm going to go over and have a word. If there's a chance that I can sort of, you know, offer some advice or talk it through with them... As I was about to tell you, this tribe have the saying 'breaking up is hard to do' and it's very true if you think about it."

Charles gave the wheelbarrow a shove, the ornamental handles came off, and he fell over backwards into a pile of spiky Richard briars.

GATCOMBE Park was bathed in late afternoon sunshine. Beyond the paddocks he could spy Anne's prize gelding, Geldof, prancing delightedly in the long meadow. Daffodils peeped out as if waking from a long winter's sleep. And wasn't that a red squirrel chirping merrily from the bough of the 100-year-old Bernard tree?

Even now Charles could feel the spirit of reconciliation abroad. And there was Anne bounding down the steps to meet him in jeans and a simple headscarf, clutching a roll of Tessa Sanderson Lovebirds wallpaper.

"Charles! You old fogey! Good to see you! Come on in and give me a hand putting this up."

Charles followed obediently up the stairs past the portraits of Anne's favourite mounts, "Captain", "Nimrod", "Hello Sailor", "Big Boy", "Nissan III", "Sir Alastair Burnett", all captured by the expert brush of the equine portraitist Sir Geraldo Heath (RA). Then on down the corridor to the Princess Arthur of Connaught bedroom.

"Ah... a spot of decorating... very hopeful... I mean, lovely paper. Ernest Sanderson isn't it?"

Anne ignored Charles's ramblings and climbed the ladder, vigorously applying Handy Andy Neil's Super Paste to the walls. Charles looked about him. Never the most observant of men, even he could not fail to spot that his sister was clearly enjoying the company of her husband again. There were the trousers casually discarded on the bed. The men's riding boots by the bathroom door. The empty tin of Old Frank Muir's Export Shag on the bedside table.

Brightening, Charles moved closer to his sister.

"I'm so glad things are coming together again. I knew it would work out for the best."

"Yah. Things are great. You have to make the best of what you've got."

Anne let the roll of wallpaper drop, revealing the intricate design of entwined hearts on a champagne pink background.

"I always knew you would sort of pull through."

"Yah." The bathroom door suddenly opened to reveal a young man in the almost full dress uniform of a captain in the Royal Lifebuoy Cavalry.

"And it's all thanks", Anne said smiling at the new arrival, "to Jonty here."

"Captain Farquharson at your service, Sir."

The young man bowed and the smile froze slowly on Charles's face.

(To be continued)

It's Your Line to Brian Hayes

(Butch theme music)

HAYES: This is Brian Hayes, LBC Crown FM. Your turn to tell London what *you* think. And first is Nelson in Soweto... Nelson, good morning.

NELSON: Mrs Thatcher? Is that you?

HAYES: No, this is the Brian Hayes Show — call me now on 819 8111. Nelson, what's your point?

NELSON: I was hoping to talk to Mrs Thatcher about sanctions.

HAYES: Yes... yes... but what are you saying? Are you agreeing with her?

NELSON: No, Brian.

HAYES: So you're not agreeing with her. You think you know more than she does. You think that Mr De Klerk hasn't done enough — is that right?

NELSON: Well, yes, I suppose...

HAYES: And I suppose you're all in favour of a rapid reunification of Germany as well?

NELSON: Er... well... actually the point I wanted to make...

HAYES: Well, you've had plenty of time to make it. Thank you, Nelson. Next we go to Margaret from Dulwich...

MARGARET: I'm against sanctions myself.

HAYES: Well, you're entitled to your opinion, however misinformed or stupid it is. After the break I'll be talking to Nicholas de Jong about the RSC... Join me then...

(Break for advertisements featuring Mel and Fry or Griff and Laurie selling a variety of dull financial services in an "amusing" fashion)

(Continued 94 KHz)

Great Bores Of Today.

"... we've stopped buying them it's not that they're not any good some of them are great but there's a limit to how much you can read on a Sunday it's bad enough with all these extra supplements on a Saturday we used to take them all I used to like a nice lie-in with the Sunday papers you could handle them but now I mean you need a wheelbarrow to get them into the house you don't know where to start all those different sections and supplements and the free offers it's overkill you can't take it all in we stopped taking them a fortnight ago and it's just amazing the things you find you can do on a Sunday you've got the whole day to yourself last Sunday I watched all the films on BBC2 and even that *Songs of Praise* is really interesting..."

ANY NEWS ON GARY FROM THE HOSPITAL?
STILL IN A COMA, DAVE. THE DOCTORS SAY THERE'S A 50:50 CHANCE OF HIM REGAINING CONSCIOUSNESS AND SURVIVING.
PERSONALLY SPEAKING I'M NOT VERY OPTIMISTIC.
ALL WE CAN DO IS KEEP HOPING, I SUPPOSE.
IT'LL BE A TERRIBLE LOSS TO THE MUSIC INDUSTRY, WON'T IT?
OH TRAGIC.
I MEAN, WHO'S GOING TO BUY "GARY BLOKE'S GREATEST HITS" IF HE PULLS THROUGH OKAY?
O.M.I. RECORDS
WE'D HAVE TO PULP ALL 8 MILLION COPIES. IT DOESN'T BEAR THINKING ABOUT...

Eighties Queen's empire crumbles

by Our High Street Staff
Dominic Harrods

One of the great success stories of the 'eighties crashed in ruins yesterday, as Thatch Rack was put in the hands of the official receivers, Ingham, Baker and Bell.

It was at 11.43 yesterday that belief was finally suspended in Maggie Thatcher's multi-billion-pound Tory government, which for ten years had been held up as a symbol of Britain's economic miracle.

Shock Shop

From small beginnings in a corner shop in Grantham, Maggie's astonishing dynamism and gift for salesmanship eventually carried her to a seemingly impregnable position as "free market leader" of the western world.

sock shop

Every high street in Britain provided evidence of her belief that this country could compete only if everybody pulled their socks up.

But eventually, despite all her energy and flair, Maggie's seemingly limitless ambition overreached itself. One new line after another, from poll tax to ID cards, failed to catch on with the public.

And, finally, soaring interest charges and huge overseas debts put paid to all Maggie's hopes of survival.

Mrs Ethel Merman is 102.

Parkinson's 'Greenways' bid to win Green vote

by Our Environmental Staff
Lunchtime O'Zone

No less than 17 new trees are to be planted by the side of Britain's motorways in a dramatic bid to make Britain's roads the "greenest" in Europe.

This shock new plan was announced yesterday by Transport supremo Mr Cecil Park'n'ride as part of a new "broadly balanced package" to upgrade all forms of transport by building a lot of new roads.

Dial M25 For Murder

Mr Parkinson has been deeply influenced by a new report from the British Roadmakers and Car Manufacturers Council, showing that the number of cars on Britain's roads is likely to rise by two billion per cent by 2023.

Said Mr Park'n'drive: "This report makes it absolutely clear that, unless we build thousands of miles of new roads in the next 10 years, there is a very real danger that we shall see a serious shortfall in donations to the Tory Party from the above sources.

"The only alternative would be to invest in public transport, but we don't want that, do we?"

Those New Green M-Routes In Full

M25 Bypass.

A6281 Miles Kington — Waterhouse.

A4326 Brent Sadler intersection (upgraded to 3 lanes).

A4214 Carla Lane gyratory system.

B2642 Whittam Strobes — Norman Stone.

B4161 Hastings — Deedes Castle.

B6101 Gooch Corner — Little Gatting.

C304 Upgraded to 23-lane American freeway, London — Parkinson's House.

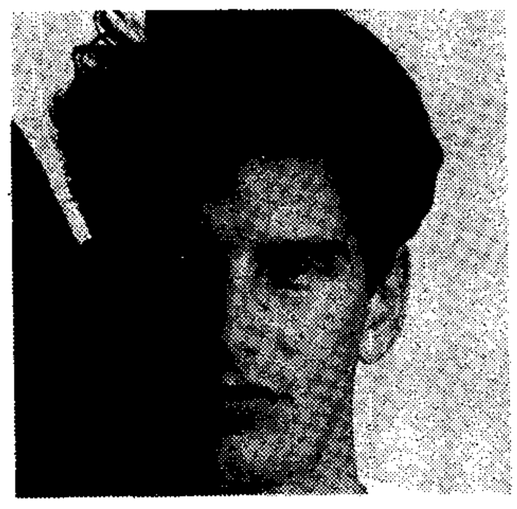
"Retraction: The 'Greek Special' is a 'huge 18-inch pizza' and not a huge 18-inch penis as described in (an) ad. Blondie's Pizza would like to apologize for any confusion Friday's ad may have caused."

Daily Californian

Your guide to those Lawsons

Nigel Lawson

Formerly editor of the *Spectator*, now £200,000-a-week adviser to Gnome de Suit, the prestigious merchant bank.



Dominic Lawson

Newly appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer. A high-flyer who is taking up the editorship of the *Spectator* in order to have time to write a novel.

Pamella Lawson

Gorgeous pouting daughter of Nigel, famous for her restaurant column in the *Spectator*.

Mark Lawson

Bearded son of Dominic, now the *Independent*'s high-flying television editor.

Roger Lawson

Bearded father of Mark, one half of famous *Spitting Image* duo Fluck and Lawson.

Dominica Lawson

High-flying young editor of the *Afro-Caribbean Spectator*, sister of Pamella.

Sue Lawson

Famous compere of *Desert Island Discs*. Formerly married to Nigel.

Nigella Lawson

Pseudonym used by Nigel in new job as Glenda Slagg of the *Evening Standard*.

(That's enough Lawsons — Ed.)

THE DAILY TELEGRAPH

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

From Sir Herbert Gussett

SIR—I feel that your readers may like to know the response of one small rural community here in Dorset to the splendid lead given by Mrs Thatcher in wishing to send a message of support to the government of South Africa.

On the night following the release of Mr Nelson Mandela, truly an historic moment to which our "media" gave such fittingly extensive coverage, an ad hoc meeting was convened in the Lamb & Flag public house to consider what response would be made by those present to indicate their support for Mr F.W. van der Klerk in his courageous search for a settlement.

It was decided that a committee should be appointed, constituted as follows:

Chairman: H. Gussett.
Vice-Chairman: Lt. Col. B. Frobisher.
Treasurer and Secretary: Mr N. Balon.

After lengthy consideration of all the issues, it was finally agreed that we should send a clear message to President de Klerk, so that he could be left in no doubt whatever as to precisely where we stood.

It was decided, nem con, that in order to demonstrate our total confidence in the difficult path that the President has chosen to tread, we should unilaterally and without consulting our European partners, immediately effect the purchase of several bottles of South African "Golden Antelope" Extra-Sweet Empire-Style Sherry, and furthermore that these should be consumed on the premises there and then, so that the President might be given an even clearer and more unequivocal message of our wholehearted support for him in whatever it is that he is trying to do.

Some hours later, after the business of our "Sanctions Committee" had been brought to a satisfactory conclusion, we ventured on the perilous journey homeward. Just as we passed the village pond, imagine our astonishment when we spied an enormous bull elephant, the most magnificent specimen I have ever seen.

Surely, sir, your readers will agree that this is a new omen of the ever-closer ties between this country and the new emerging vista that beckons us forward in the Dark Continent.

H. GUSSETT
The Kraal
Kingsley St Amis
Dorset.

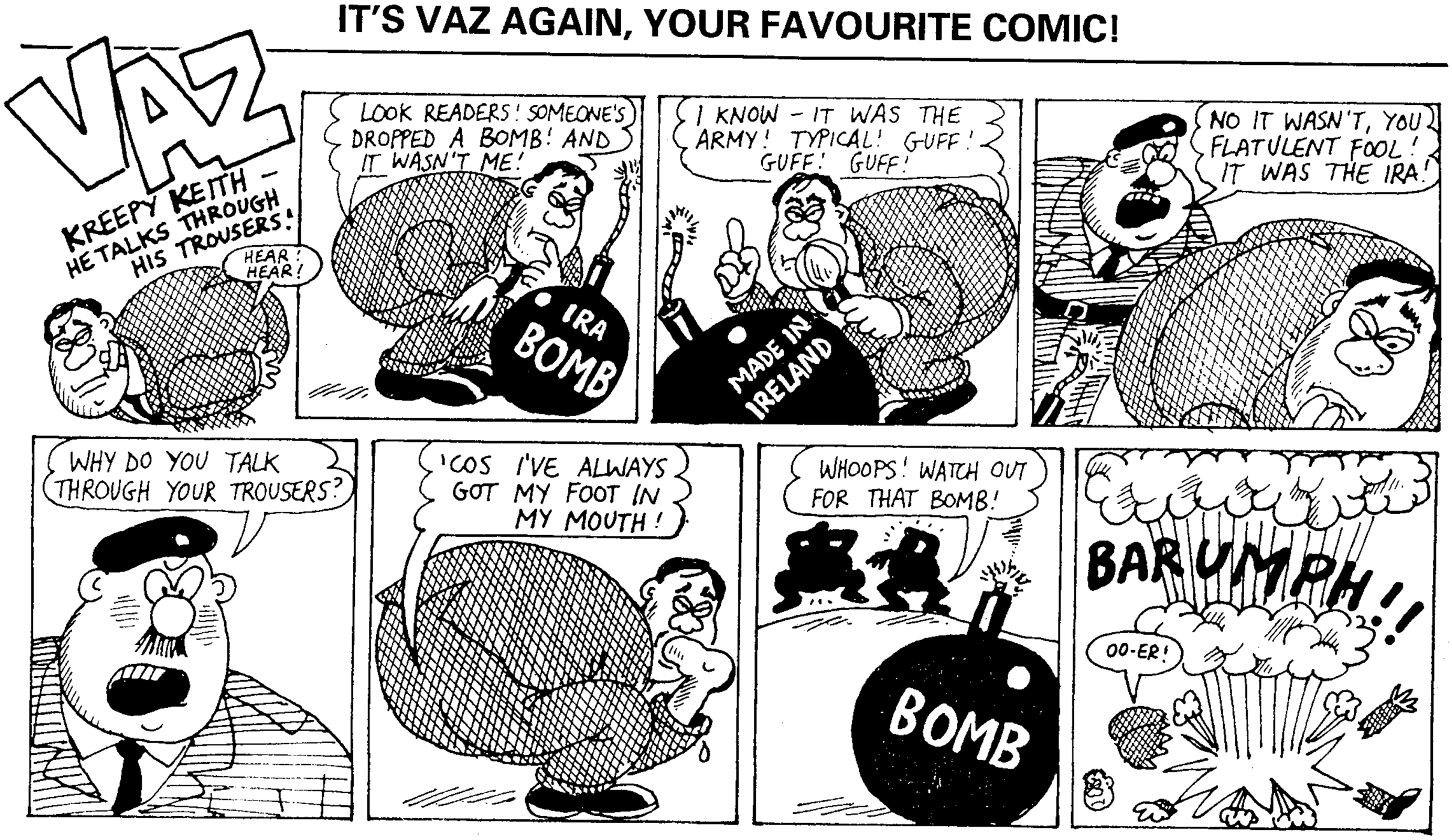
That BBC shock Easter schedule in full

The BBC Religious Department is pleased to announce that this year the Festival of Easter will be marked by a series of "personal reflections" by six atheists on the sufferings of themselves at the hands of the media.

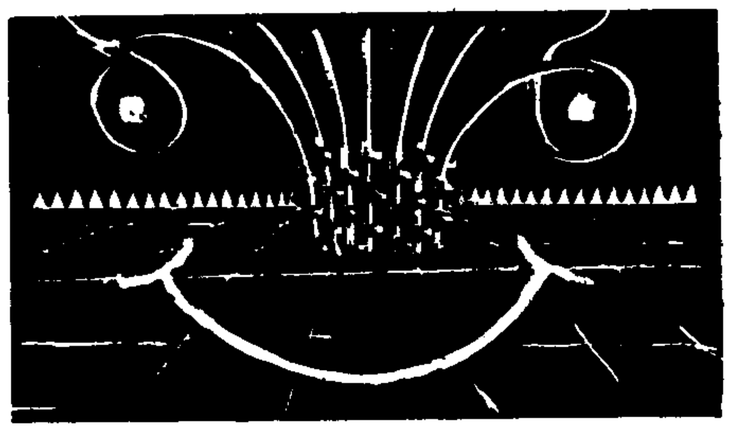
1. **Dr Marietta Higgs,** the Cleveland child expert, on the text: "Turn the other cheek; I've got this foolproof diagnosis."
2. **John Browne MP** on the text: "And a man shall put away his wife, and take her money."
3. **Ron Brown MP** on the text: "I win moral victory in knickers case."
4. **Ernest Saunders,** former chairman of Guinness, on the text: "And they robbed him and stripped him of all that he had."
5. **The Bishop of Durham** on the text: "O me of little faith."
6. **Larry Adler** on the text: "Did I ever tell you about the time I played with Duke Ellington, and he said 'Larry, you're the greatest, you're the tops'?"

(That's enough whingeing atheists — God.)

IT'S VAZ AGAIN, YOUR FAVOURITE COMIC!


VAZ
KREEPY KEITH — HE TALKS THROUGH HIS TROUSERS!
HEAR! HEAR!
LOOK READERS! SOMEONE'S DROPPED A BOMB! AND IT WASN'T ME!
IRA BOMB
I KNOW — IT WAS THE ARMY! TYPICAL! GUFF! GUFF! GUFF!
MADE IN IRELAND
NO IT WASN'T, YOU FLATULENT FOOL! IT WAS THE IRA!
WHY DO YOU TALK THROUGH YOUR TROUSERS?
'COS I'VE ALWAYS GOT MY FOOT IN MY MOUTH!
WHOOPS! WATCH OUT FOR THAT BOMB!
BOMB
BARUMPH!!
OO-ER!

DIARY



ANTHONY BURGESS

Breakfast, literally speaking the fasting of one's breaks or, from the early Nordic "Brrr — eat fast", as the Vikings would say when the weather was chilly, is not only one of the few words in the Anglo-Saxon tongue to possess an "ak" immediately followed by a "fa" at its epicentre (another such word being akfa, a probably mis-spelling of aqua, meaning the opposite of no-water) but it is also my preferred meal.

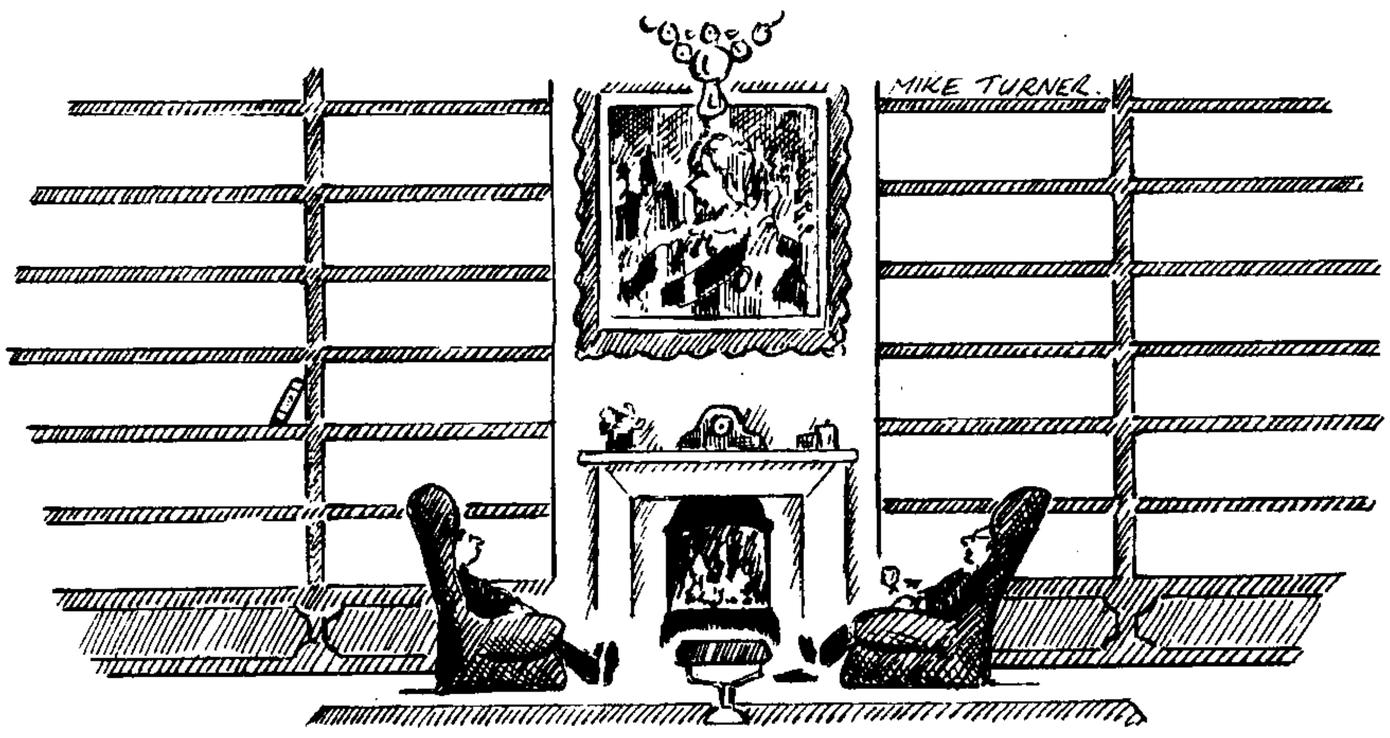
The British Establishment — largely and probably unknowingly transvestitic and certainly increasingly cannibalistic — has never understood breakfast. They go for slices of pig and the encaged remains of an unfertilised embryonic bird to set them on their feet. Coming from a long line of Lancashire Roman Catholics, I stick to porridge, or, rather, it sticks to me. Porridge, or, etymologically speaking, "pour-ridge", is rightly ladled in a pouring motion over all the ridges of one's visage or face, and this tradition I maintain each morning. Porridge poured everywhere is good for the brain and for the skin, and its multilumpitextuosity accounts for the splendour of my hairstyle, which retains some oats first poured in the year of our Lord 1935.

I have always found the look and smell of a bottle of Heinz tomato ketchup powerfully erotic, in that noble word's original sense of "tasting slightly of tomatoes". In the contemporary sense of the word, it is not erotic at all, or at any rate not nearly as erotic as a can of tinned peaches in heavy syrup, one of which I remember taking to the opera and courting successfully in the spring of '48, only to be turned down when it came to bed because it had become suspicious of my infatuation with a beautifully ripe pineapple. All full-blooded Englishmen, particularly those of Irish descent, have found sexual desire within their loins for the suppurating convexities and soft, skeiny protuberances of the fruit (originally "froo-it", owing to the fact that, if it had an unrelenting central core, it was hard to bite froo it), and this explains why the Establishment has never allowed a law to be placed on the statute books forbidding full intercourse with any type of fruit.

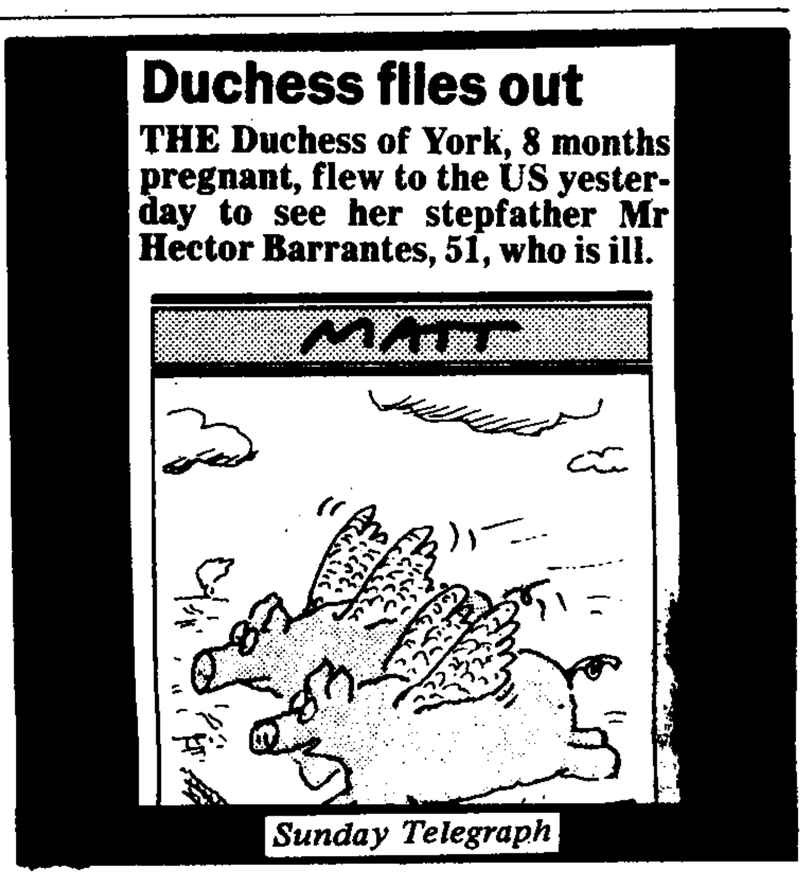
The English, by which I mean to say those who live in England, have always made the mistake of wearing wellington boots on their feet when it is wet. I have a sturdy pair of wellington boots myself, but I wear them on my head, never on my feet, and then only when it is sunny. In my 43rd novella, *The Wellington Boot Wearer*, I portrayed a Lancastrian working-class Catholic battling with the inherent forces of evil who takes to wearing wellington boots, but ill-advisedly not on his/her (the man is a trans-sexual) head but on the feet. The book closes with his death at the hands, or rather mouth, of an escaped lion, a symbol of the deity, perhaps, who has been fed for over twenty years solely on wellington boots. I wrote the novel with the intention of suggesting that if the unnamed hero had followed my advice to wear his wellingtons on his head, and then only when sunny, he might still be alive, for it was rainy when the lion escaped. But did they listen? On my frequent visits back to this beleaguered Isle, I am amazed by the continued wearing of wellingtons on feet, despite my prophetic warning. But then the English have never understood serious fiction, sending those of us who are its foremost practitioners into exile, forcing us to write for the *Daily Mail*, denying us knighthoods, turning our creations into musicals.

People say that my failing is that I cannot concentrate — interesting word, spelt backwards emerging as "etartnecnoc", a meaningless jumble of letters — but this is intolerable and untrue. They also say that I am a master of the *non sequitur*, leaping from one subject to another when they do not follow. For the past year I have not been following the patchy progress of my neighbour Graham Greene, a very undistinguished writer and a grumpy old bat, with whom my argument escalates, though the escalator, or, in French, *escalateur*, goes down as well as up, echoing, in a quasi-mysto-mechanical way, the descent and subsequent ascension of Lord Jesus Christ, who was, of course, not a Lord at all, as the Anglo-Saxons, being riddled with snobbery, like to think, but a carpenter, in fact I believe in this country there is a sporting commentator called Harry or Harold Carpenter, though whether he has ridden on a moving staircase or not we have no way of knowing. Where was I? Ah, yes: *concentration*. There is a concentrated orange juice — Ki-Ora, now there's a funny word, and Bivouac, there's another — but when we talk of concentration we mean something more than orange juice, moving staircases, sporting commentators, Graham Greene, or even Jesus Christ, but now I've lost my thread, which is, incidentally, an anagram of "dearth".

I make frequent appearances on what in this country is known as the *television*, often to talk about my latest opera, novel, cookery book, hymnal or work of literary criticism. I have recently extended my range so that I am now available for cabaret turns, golf club dances, and bar mitzvahs, singing a selection from *Showboat*, reciting the seven French nouns whose plurals end in "oux", demonstrating New Developments in the Handjive, presenting a course of lectures on Michel de Montaigne or all at the same time. In the summer, I will be touring the country in the company of my barber and a leading manufacturer of porridge oats, and at the end of each show the audience will be invited up onto the stage to taste my hair while I read extracts from my new six-hundred-page *magnum opus*, which details the tribulations of a homosexual Cardinal in Singapore confronted by a triumvirate of Yahweh, an Unnamed Force and Destiny as he performs his ablutions upon the lavatory, though it is finally established that they have called at the wrong address. It is, in its oblique way, a chronicle of our century. I look forward to seeing you all there.



"To be honest, I've never been much of a reader"


Duchess flies out
THE Duchess of York, 8 months pregnant, flew to the US yesterday to see her stepfather Mr Hector Barrantes, 51, who is ill.
MATT
Sunday Telegraph

Channel Tunnel

Can't pay, won't pay

ONCE AGAIN a murmur of relief has risen from the ranks of the well-minded as Alastair Morton, the Mack Sennett of the Channel tunnel saga, comes smiling through.

He amazed the nation by recruiting Tony Ridley to the cause despite the spot of bother Ridley had had at King's Cross while working on the Underground. But Morton knew what he was doing. He was likely to need a scapegoat one day. Who better than the man from the Tube?

But sorting out the office politics may prove easier than solving the three problems that remain: ending a dispute with the contractors over £400 million; raising another £1.4 billion in the autumn, including £350 million from shareholders to meet costs of £7.2 billion instead of the £4.8 billion previously listed; and building a viable tunnel. The City is now wondering whether the tunnel can *ever* pay or whether the world is witnessing another Humber Bridge in the making.

That bridge was offered to the people of Humberside as an election bribe by the then cabinet minister Barbara Castle. It was due to cost £25 million. The actual figure was £96 million and the debt has been rising ever since at a rate of £1 a second, because the income from tolls is only £9.8 million a year while the interest is growing at £40 million a year. The debt now stands at £342 million and it will reach £400 million next year. Had it been financed by shareholders, they would rightly be a little restless by now. The bridge, the longest single-span bridge in the world, will never pay its way but it is beautiful. Nobody can say that for Mr Morton's hole in the ground.

Tunnel-watchers in the City are putting the breaking point at around £8.5 billion. If the cost rises that far, investors can kiss goodbye to their hopes of future wealth. The project is so far 50 per cent over estimate and a further rise of 18 per cent will bring it to the point where stockbrokers will advise clients to back off.

● Meanwhile, things are no better at the Rail Link. It was, ironically, Mr John Palmer, former deputy secretary at the Department of Transport and now chief executive of British Rail's Channel Tunnel rail link operation (Eurorail), who, in a highly secret meeting with Transport Secretary of State Cecil Parkinson, finally delivered the dreadful news: that the Channel Tunnel rail link cannot possibly succeed without a huge dose of government investment of the order of £1,000m. Palmer, a high Tory, has been locked in anxious discussions with the private companies who are building the link to the tunnel (chief among which of course, since the government was involved in its appointment, is Trafalgar House Investments, former employer of Mark Thatcher). These companies are so greedy that they will refuse to continue with plans for the link unless they are assured of a return of at least 18 per cent. Only state investment with a return of about five per cent would make the link possible. Parkinson received the news grimly, since it explodes the whole ideological basis on which he has proceeded with the Tunnel: namely that the government will have nothing to do with financing it.

Radiation

Windscales of injustice

NEWS that the children of nuclear workers are more at risk than others from radiation was treated by British Nuclear Fools and most commentators as a revelation. The official surprise was due to the reluctance of establishment opinion to believe evidence which seemed unhelpful: it was as long ago as 1927 that Professor Hermann Müller won the Nobel Prize for Medicine for discovering the facts of hereditary damage.

One of Britain's leading researchers, Dr Alice Stewart, established an association between pre-natal X-rays and childhood cancers in 1958. She is still vigorously denouncing the reluctance of the leaders of the medical profession to recognise the facts. "They hedge. 'It can't be true. We won't accept it. We need more studies. We need another million pounds. We need another 20 years.' I am trying to blow the whole thing sky high."

After Sir Douglas Black reported on leukaemia cases in Seascale, the village near Sellafield in 1984, he said further studies were needed. After the latest study Sir Douglas, a former president of the Royal College of Physicians, said — further studies were needed.

What is even now being ignored is that radiation damage can persist in successive generations and that apparently healthy offspring can produce children who are victims of genetic defects caused by exposure to radiation of their distant ancestors.

What is most troubling is that awkward doctors like Alice Stewart have been brushed aside with an insistence that the low levels of radiation escaping from such plants as Sellafield cannot explain the admitted increase in cases. Authority has insisted, against the evidence of a rebel such as Dr Stewart, that there is a safe dose. "We established 30 years ago that the 'safe' threshold is zero," she said.

Literary Review

BOOKS & BOOKMEN

■ FOR MANY years there have been two men in the life of the world's nicest and most glamorous literary agent, Deborah Owen. One is her husband, Dr Death, whose latest deathly tome was published by Jonathan Crap; the other is the world's smarmiest novelist, Jeffrey Archer, whose first two books were published by Crap but who then went to Hodder & Stoughton.

Debbie Owen has not only devoted the best years of her life to helping Jeffrey polish his prose and generally nurturing the modest *littérateur*'s worldwide publishing career, but she has reluctantly declined to act for many other authors eager to be represented by her so that she could spend her waking hours, when not at Dr Death's party conferences, striving to obtain more and more contracts and larger and larger royalties for the unctuous Archer.

Now Jeffrey, who is nothing if not straightforward, has told poor Debbie that as he is so successful he no longer requires her services. Mr Hodder and Mr Stoughton have made sympathetic sounds to the anguished agent, but they have explained that there is no question of their giving up publishing the Dickens *de nos jours*.

If poor Debbie finds herself looking for work, she might well be interested by an advertisement in the current issue of the *Bookseller*. A Mr Charles Palmer of Flat 11, 75 Warwick Square, SW1 advertises thus: "PA/AGENT WANTED BY NOVELIST. Novelist, published in twenty languages, requires high powered Personal Assistant who can cope with foreign contracts, collect monies due and still (sic) answer fan letters. Probably worked in Rights Department of leading publishers or literary agent."

If she did apply for the £15,000 a year job, Debbie would no doubt find herself being interviewed by her erstwhile client, the world's greatest living novelist, trying to obtain representation on the cheaper than cheap.

☐ *THE UK book club business is in a sorry state. Ignoring the eccentric and erratic Readers' Union, owned by David & Charles of Newton Abbot, the scene has been dominated — if that's the right word — by Book Club Associates, owned by Octopus, and Bertelsmann's Leisure Circle.*

Two years ago Lord Young, then trade secretary, stopped Bertelsmann buying from W H Smith the half of BCA which it (Bertelsmann) didn't own. Smug's half was sold to Reed's Octopus Group in October, 1988.

Bertelsmann, as has been announced, is closing down Leisure Circle. Publishers who supply it with fodder have responded hypocritically. "I'm distraught," wailed Macmillan's Sarah Lutyens. "The element of competition was very healthy, and they supported us across the board, fiction and non-fiction." Leisure Circle did indeed support certain publishers, not least Macmillan, which probably offers authors fewer pence on book club deals than any other publisher — "our overheads being so high". Publishers benefit, of course, from book club sales because they can print more copies of titles "selected" and reduce the unit price, thus increasing their potential profit.

The limp Publishers' Association has never adequately grasped the book club nettle. Thus both major book clubs would offer a piffling number of copies of a fancied title to their members, cynically understanding that there was really no competition, and either of them could ask the originating publisher for more copies if there was a flicker of interest from subscribers.

Increasingly BCA has offered its members books published by Heinemann, Methuen and Secker & Warburg. Heinemann, Methuen and Secker & Warburg are part of the Octopus group. Profits on all sides.

■ THE ruthless and increasingly unsuccessful regime of Nicky "Attila" Byam Shaw, managing director of Macmillan Publishers, continues.

Contrary to statements in the trade press, the reason Alexander Macmillan, Earl of Stockton, resigned as chairman has precious little to do with his intention of spending more time in the House of Lords, though that may be the end result. Byam Shaw wanted to rule the vast Macmillan empire and having purged decent, bearded and bumbling Alex Stockton he had himself appointed chairman by a comatose board.

His minion, 13-year-old Felicity Rubinstein, MD of the trade books division, Macmillan London, is still in place although the directorial positions around her are being vacated at the speed of light. Kyle Cathie has departed to start her own firm; Adam Sisman has retired to think; sales director Martin Neild has left to seek new challenges; and last week Fanny Blake sought refuge back at Penguin where she has been appointed chief editor, to the chagrin of "The Queen", Clare Alexander, editorial bossette of Viking, who was not consulted. Also last week the agile Kate Jones, protegée of the fragrant Philippa Harrison, has found a berth at Hamish Hamilton as senior editor.

'Bookworm'

SNIPCOCK & TWEED
RADIO 4
'SLIGHTLY FOXED' EDIT.
THIS IS TERRIBLE! WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH SNIPCOCK?
LEAVE HIM ON THE CUTTING-ROOM FLOOR
I KNOW, I KNOW, IT'S ON THE TIP OF MY TONGUE.....

Nuclear submarines

The crack menace

A RECENTLY found fault on one of Britain's nuclear hunter-killer submarines may have far-reaching implications for the country's independent nuclear deterrent.

This is because the submarine in question, HMS Warspite, along with the other four first-generation hunter-killers, has the same American P1 reactor as the four Polaris subs and it seems to be an age-related defect that has caused concern with the Warspite.

While the Ministry of Defence has refused to say exactly what is wrong, the vessel was approaching the end of its refit cycle when a crack was apparently discovered in one of its reactor cooling circuits. According to John Large, a nuclear consultant who worked on submarines while with the UK Atomic Energy Authority, this suggests the fault must be on or near the pressure vessel that contains the nuclear core. "It means it must be near the reactor, inside the biological shield," he says.

Such a development should not be wholly unexpected. After years of bombardment by radiation, steel — particularly welds — becomes brittle and vulnerable to cracking. The P1 design was notable for its large number of welded joints. (Many of these were replaced with forged components on the P2 reactor.) Warspite is also the first nuclear sub to undergo a fourth refit.

Whether it is feasible to repair such a fault is highly uncertain. It would probably involve removing an entire section of the sub and could well prove too costly to be worthwhile. However, it is inconceivable that the MoD would risk running a vessel at sea with such a defect. The crack could easily lead to a catastrophic loss of coolant accident (LOCA), which the structure of the submarine would be unable to contain. Not only would the vessel sink, but there is a good chance it would contaminate a large area of the ocean with radioactive material.

According to Large, another problem is that "there is no way to detect these cracks without putting the submarines into a refit berth". There are only three of these, one at Devonport and two at Rosyth, and the refitting process takes between 18 months and two years. Moreover, only the two berths at Rosyth can handle the Polaris vessels.

One of the missile submarines, HMS Renown, will emerge from a refit in about three months. However, all four are needed to maintain the continuous deterrent; were the other three to be rushed in for emergency inspections, Britain would lose its deterrent for at least six months.

The MoD says it will inspect the vessels as they come in for scheduled refits. But the likelihood of a Polaris vessel developing an age-related crack in one of its reactor cooling circuits can only increase as each year passes. Since the American missile for the Trident submarine that will replace Polaris still does not work, the chances of Britain being embarrassingly short of an independent nuclear deterrent before the end of the century are growing too.

Health

Doing the Lambeth walkout

LAST MONTH'S hurried departure of West Lambeth Health Authority's controversial finance director Chris Savory, complete with £40,000 pay-off and Rover Fastback company car, is bad news for district chairman John Garnett (father of health minister Virginia Bottomley) who is left carrying the can and facing a barrage of awkward questions.

Angry health authority members want to know why NHS funds have been so badly handled; why Savory was given such a generous golden handshake; and why he was appointed in the first place given his previous record with Bloomsbury Health Authority.

In less than a year since he was made finance director, Unsavory has managed to make history repeat itself, leaving the authority in massive debt, as he did at Bloomsbury where his first mistake was to hire his old firm Deloitte Haskins and Sells for £250,000 to investigate bad debts among private patients, without putting the contract out to tender.

Under his stewardship, Bloomsbury's overspend rose from £1.7m to £2.2m in a single month. As this was revealed, Unsavory was winging his way to West Lambeth where now, in one year, the overspend has leaped to £3.5m — and rising. Things came to a head in December when it was found that its deficit had risen £534,000 to £1.5m in a single month. (Sounds familiar.) Amid the brutal cuts in hospitals, members were astonished to find that Unsavory had authorised payments totalling £363,550 to outside consultants at daily fees of between £550 and £650. Furthermore (and this is where Garnett comes into it) it was revealed that five senior staff had been given golden handshakes totalling £150,000 in 1989 and a further seven senior staff left with pay-offs ranging from three months salary to £40,000.

On 12 January Unsavory resigned "for personal reasons" without serving his three months notice. As the *Eye* went to press a motion of no confidence in Mr Garnett was being put to health authority members. The other crucial item on the agenda was the result of a staff ballot on whether or not St Thomas' hospital should opt out and form a self-governing trust under the Government's NHS bill. No doubt the Unsavory affair and latest round of cuts, including the closure of 79 beds, an operating theatre and the sacking of 130-odd staff, will have a significant bearing on the outcome.

Snooker

Out-of-pocket billiards

HOWARD KRUGER's creditors are wishing him a speedy recovery from the attack of "nervous anxiety" which caused postponement of his public examination by the official receiver in Brighton over the collapse of Framework Management Ltd, one of the companies in his crumbling snooker empire, with debts of £374,000.

Registrar David Jackson queried the doctor's note and said he would need more detailed medical evidence to adjourn again on 27 April.

Among those who will attend on that day — unless he is playing in the semi-finals of the world championships in Sheffield — will be Alex "Hurricane" Higgins, one of several dissatisfied Kruger clients. He will be vigorously pursuing the £51,536 he claims he is owed.

"I will chase him to the ends of the earth. I will never give up," said the tempestuous Irishman after hearing Kruger's solicitor explain that one symptom of his condition was a constant grinding of his teeth and that, accordingly, he had to wear a mouthguard at all times.

Allan Baxendale, due to conduct the examination for the official receiver's office, said he had seen two press photographs of Kruger with local dignitaries within the previous few weeks. "He was wearing a beaming smile and I detected no trace of a mouthguard," he said.

Nor was any mouth guard seen, for instance, at the gala opening of Kruger's new snooker club in Brighton, Harry Potters. This was on the evening of the day that Kruger, 30, was found guilty of bringing the game into disrepute by Gavin Lightman QC at the World Professional Billiards and Snooker Association's one-man disciplinary tribunal.

Kruger had resigned as a director of the game's governing body in the hope of avoiding this indignity, but lawyers representing Higgins, on whose complaint Framework Management Ltd was wound up in the high court in July, insisted the case be heard. On the evening of the guilty verdict, the then chairman of the WPBSA, John Virgo — since voted out of office — played the opening exhibition at Kruger's club.

Lightman found that Kruger had told Higgins "in order to induce him to take part" in a tournament in Peking "that the first prize was £35,000 when in fact it was not". Not until Higgins was in Peking did he realise that he was playing for a win or lose guarantee of £7,000 and that there was no prizemoney.

Other members of Kruger's squad fared worse. Martin Clark received not the advertised £20,000 for reaching the final, but only his £1,500 guarantee less miscellaneous "rechargeables" like a £565 share of the costs of a video which was never screened. Clark nested a mere £120.12 from the trip and is now managed by canny Scot Ian Doyle, who soon queried why Clark had had a bill charged to his name from a hotel in which he had never set foot.

Other misunderstandings were cleared up. Early in Clark's association with Kruger his £3,300 first prize in the Everards Open was put down as a £3,500 loan. Kruger Holdings Ltd, who held Clark's contract, admitted £4,700 in miscellaneous errors, sent Clark no sort of financial statement for 18 months and allowed payments for Clark's car to get so far in arrears that Ford Credit called at his home intending to repossess the vehicle.

HIGGINS: Aiming for the black

A wholly owned subsidiary of Kruger Holdings Ltd was International Travel Bureau Ltd of Worthing, which the WPBSA chose as its recommended travel agents for tournaments in Hongkong, Thailand and Australia. ITB Ltd showed a 1988 surplus of £33,592, though only by creating a "revaluation reserve" of £138,000 — contrary to standard accountancy practices.

Last April ITB was sold to Arthur Webber, its office manager, and Nigel Pollard, a driver with the firm. Within weeks the Midland Bank called in its loan and ITB has now ceased trading with debts of £470,000.

Hanson plc: an apology

IN Business News on 12 May 1989 we suggested that Hanson Properties Limited, a subsidiary of Hanson plc, proposed to develop land near Peterborough which posed a serious health hazard to the people who would live on it. We also stated that Nicholas Ridley had overturned the result of a public inquiry in sanctioning the development and that his decision may have been motivated by the fact that Hanson plc contributed to Tory party funds. We now recognise that these suggestions were untrue and we apologise to Hanson and Hanson Properties for any embarrassment and damage we may have caused them. In addition we have agreed to pay damages and their full costs in consideration of which they have agreed not to proceed with the action they had commenced against us.

In the City

Q: What do the following have in common?

1 Ephraim Margulies;
2 John De Lorean;
3 Peter Cameron-Webb;
4 Mohammed Fayed.

A: They have all had business and banking links with Switzerland which has no mutual assistance treaty with Britain and where lengthy court obstacles await those seeking access to witnesses and documents from those who do not wish to cooperate.

Guinness Gem No 1

GUINNESS'S first intended takeover under the less than numerate PR man and marketeer Ernest Saunders, aka the chief executive, was to be Booker McConnell. However, at the last minute the bid was called off.

Former finance director Olivier Roux explained why last week at Southwark Crown Court. After the Guinness board had approved the bid Saunders briefed Morgan Grenfell, the company's merchant bank adviser. Following that briefing the price of Booker shares rose so much Guinness decided not to go ahead. "We thought there had been a leak," said Roux.

The same happened when Guinness bid for Arthur Bell, the whisky distillers. Again Morgan Grenfell was involved. Again Saunders believed there had been a leak.

The Department of Timidity & Inaction, scourge of insider dealers, failed to bring any prosecution in either case. Doubtless there was only coincidence to link the Morgan Grenfell briefings and the share price rises. Equally coincidental were any profitable purchases via Jersey by relatives of Morgan Grenfell personnel.

Guinness Gem No 2

CHARLES ROSENBAUM, the manager of CIFCO (the lucky recipient of £1.94 million from Guinness), is understood to be not only a family friend of Ephraim Margulies but also the son of none other than Tibor Rosenbaum, former chairman and founder of International Credit Bank which crashed amid a major Israeli scandal in 1974.

ICB included among its clientele such luminaries as Harold Wilson, IOS founder Bernie Cornfeld and organised crime financial mastermind Meyer Lansky. Rosenbaum was also the brother-in-law of William Stern, one time holder of the record as Britain's biggest bankrupt — the erstwhile property man owed £100 million-plus.

Charles Rosenbaum runs a Geneva concern called Investments and Consulting. By a remarkable coincidence Investments and Consulting Bureau was the original name of the Panamanian company Consultations et Investissements which was paid £3.35 million by Guinness on behalf of stockbroker Anthony Parnes. Parnes was provided with use of tham company by Ari Margulies, son of Ephraim. The company changed its name from ICB on 13 May, 1986. On 4 June it billed Guinness as C et I.

Guinness Gem No 3

TWO LAWYERS, finding on their return from lunch that their seats in the section of Court Two at Southwark Crown Court supposedly reserved for the public had been taken by representatives from the real world, demanded that the precious seats be vacated immediately. "We represent Mr Roger Seelig," a lady lawyer declared imperiously. The former Morgan Grenfell star is a defendant in Guinness Two.

Such priorities cut no ice, however, with the incumbents of the ringside seats. "It is important that members of the public are here," replied one unimpressed and ill-informed but unyielding occupant. "Not as important as that lawyers are here," snapped the lady lawyer, showing for whose benefit the £10 million plus extravaganza is really being staged — should we have any doubts.

THOSE who express amazement at Mrs Thatcher's alacrity in reducing sanctions against South Africa's apartheid regime should look beyond her own love affair with Pretoria and even husband Denis and son Mark's business and sporting links there. A large number of big investors in South Africa are also very substantial contributors to Tory party funds.

- **P&O**, headed by Thatcher-favourite Sir Jeffrey Sterling (donation — £100,000 in 1988);
- **British & Commonwealth** (£90,000);
- **Hanson Trust:** Though Lord Hanson, enobled by Thatcher, does not exactly boast about it, Ever Ready is a big earner there (£80,000);
- **Consolidated Goldfields:** Now part of Hanson, but will that mean a smaller donation next time? (£75,000);
- **Trusthouse Forte:** Headed by another Thatcher peer, Lord Forte (£61,500);
- **Glaxo:** £50,000;
- **GEC:** £50,000;
- **Trafalgar House:** The favoured Thatcher construction outfit, before and since Mark went to Oman (£40,000);
- **BET:** £25,000.

Other regular members of the Tory faithful with a South African connection include insurance brokers **C.T. Bowring**; insurers **General Accident**; **BAT Industries**; **Racal Electronics**; brewers **Whitbread**; engineers **Hawker Siddeley**; and the **TI Group**.

SHAREHOLDERS in Parkfield Group have not been encouraged by the sudden exit of Paul Feldman, the man who ran its video distribution division, which trades under the name Hollywood Nights.

Could this be the same Paul Feldman who, with Warren Goldberg and Paul Levinson, ran the Video Form chain which cost Gerald Ronson £8 million for a controlling share stake in 1983? Feldman started Video Form with Goldberg three years before.

Unfortunately for Ronson, Video Form became somewhat less successful under his ownership. Instead of profits of almost £3 million, it plunged into losses of more than £2 million in three successive years while writing off more than £9 million before Ronson closed it down in 1986.

No doubt this was due to circumstances beyond Feldman's control and there is no risk of a similar result at Hollywood Nights.

SHARES in Pericom, the computer services group, were 24p in January. On 20 February, the company disclosed it had received a possible bid approach. The shares, already 32p, jumped to 45p. Doubtless the stock exchange will be querying exactly when Pericom received the approach from rivals Ferrari. A clue — it was not on 20 February but it was before the shares started to move.

THERE has been a prolonged and — if you are a shareholder, worrying — silence from City & Westminster Group since the December coup which saw Andrew Greystoke out and father and son team Ivor and Aaron Gershfield in.

Word is that the company is already into more than the tenth draft of a proposed circular setting out the disasters since the flotation last year but has still not managed to satisfy the stock exchange.

That leaves up in the air the little matter of complying with the Companies Act regarding the time limit for obtaining shareholders' approval of certain items such as the up to £300,000 compensation (£200,000 already paid) to Greystoke and other directors.

Meanwhile with the financial situation (negative net worth?) at subsidiary City & Westminster Financial — debts of possibly as much as £5 million — showing little prospect of improvement, there is speculation that the next move could be that financial flavour of the month, administrative receivership, leaving creditors hung out to dry.

Whether the stock exchange would allow dealings in CWG shares to continue in such an event is less than certain. But pulling the quote would leave already ravaged shareholders at the tender mercy of the Gershfields!

'Slicker'

MAGGIE RULES OK'

BY JOHN KENT

JOHN MAJOR EXPLAINS
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"I think I'm probably the man who shot John Lennon."
JOOLS HOLLAND

"We're religious people, when we're out on the motorway we have to stop at every service station to get our prayer mats out." **FUZZBOX**

"It's alive, Christianity is very much alive." **BONO**

"Batman *was a deplorable step backwards . . . Nicholson has become too big for his own good. No director can tell him to stop or turn it down without being replaced."* **BARRY NORMAN**

"The new Rolling Stones LP is f–ing rubbish. As will be The Who LP – just because they want to buy another river in Surrey."
MARK E SMITH

"Love is worse than cocaine, it makes a terrible jerk out of you."
LLOYD COLE

"I like seeing our record go up and Kylie and Phil Collins going down. You've just got to get in there and stamp them out." **IAN BROWN, STONE ROSES**

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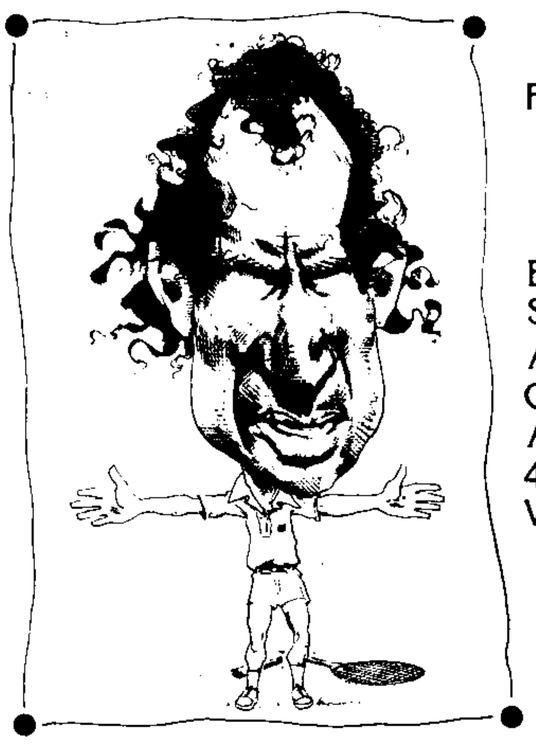

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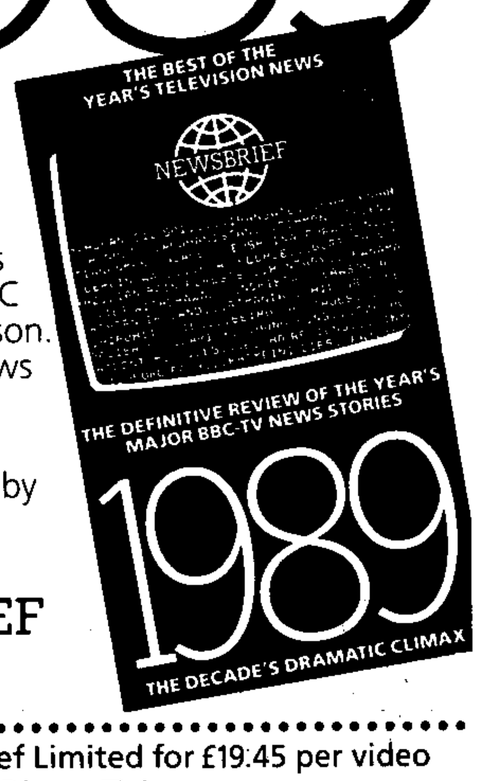
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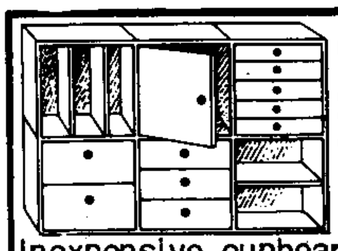

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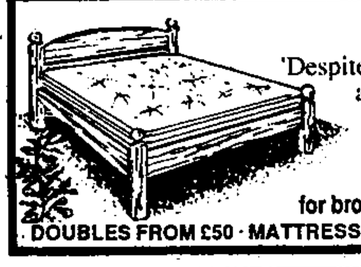

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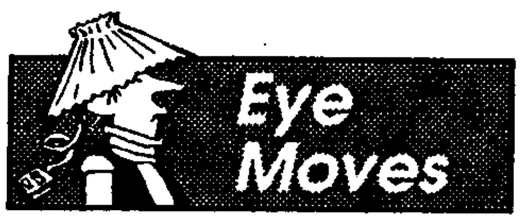

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1973 to present. 01-209 1531.

EYES 5 to present, complete. £1,000. 0508 41586.

EYES 360 1976-1989. Offers 053-181 451.

EYES 125-631 for sale (30 missing). 0734 785495.

EYES: 200 assorted from 1975. Offers Ruislip 635615.

EYE Blue Record, 1963. Offers: 0787 210810.

EYE COLLECTION: 1-3 photocopy, 4-500 original including records etc. £550+. 01-386 7577.

EYES 259 to 367. Telephone 0990 23333 ext 2039.

WANTED — Wolfson Marine with TR7. Box 3036.

ST ELSWHERE VHS — (0326) 74800.

GOOD BETTING system. Please! Box 3136.

CARS: most types of car wanted by civilised buyer. Anytime. 01-886 6443.

REQUIRED (urgent: A level) — information about artists (not Escher) who have used mathematical concepts in their work. Box 3236.

PHOTOGRAPHER travelling to France seeks assignments. Box 3336.

SPANISH-SPEAKING companion for Peru visit. Ring 0273 478937.

THE STENCH — A.J. Farrell. The most ridiculous book ever published is at last available. Don't miss it! Only from THE PERCEPTIVE PRESS, 35 Stonesfield, Didcot, Oxon, OX11 9RF. Price £3.95.

A GODLY RIGHTEOUS AND SOBER LIFE was our workhouse motto till the Squire did something about it. See Francis Bennion's VICTORIAN RAILWAY DAYS (Book Guild £8.50).

COPS GAZETTE names lawyers, judges, police, MPs — all Jewish/Christian — who aid/abet crime and who tore apart my family, usurped our house etc. JITEN BARDWAJ, 4 Broad Green Wood, Bayford, Herts SG13 8PS.

IF YOU produce the odd book, booklet, mag or 'zine, or provide any service — you need to read SMALL PRESS MONTHLY. Sample £1.25 (inc p&p): SPM, BM BOZO, London WC1X 3NN (full address).

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ANY REQUIRED info on South Africa. £5 and details to: Box 56437, Arcadia, Pretoria 0001, South Africa.

ALCOHOL PROBLEM? Counsellor, in strictest confidence, 01-582 1247.

PRESTIGIOUS Central London accommodation address (Fleet Street/EC4). Best rates. 01-482 4288.

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PRIVATE Investigators (established). Telephone 01-607 0098.

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FISHMONGER requires stake. Box 0936.

DRUG REHABILITATION charity needs an injection of funds to prevent a severe crash. Please help. Contact 0264 61745.

DESPERATE. Box 1036

3 CAMBRIDGE students require £5,000 to make maps on geological expedition to Venezuela. All donations guarantee a postcard, report and eternal gratitude (...we will be godparents to your children). Box 1136.

SEND US some money you bastards. Boomshanka. Box 1236.

PUBLIC SCHOOL educated male (24). Father dead. Has lost the place. Employer/mentor required. Box 1336.

£5,000 NEEDED to keep narrowboat afloat. Donations, anything short term considered. Box 1436.

FAMILY needs £2,470 to avoid sinking. Please help. Box 1536.

PLEASE HELP student pay polltax. Donations? Suggestions? Genuine. Box 1636.

STUDENT desperately needs funds for Kenyan good deeds. Box 1736.

SPREAD a little happiness! £500 needed for undergraduate student to research conflict resolution in USA. Box 1836.

AMBULANCE MAN heavily in debt due to dispute. Would appreciate any financial assistance. Genuine plea for help. Box 1936.

HOMELESS female requires £5,000 to avoid imminent nightmare. Donations/help? Will repay asap. Box 2036.

FEMALE STUDENT desperately needs £2,000. Box 2136.

TWO OXFORD undergraduates urgently need £6,000. Anything considered. Box 2236.

£7,500 required by ex-serviceman. Any task undertaken in strictest confidence and ability. No task too great. Box 2336.

NEEDED: £800. Donation enables law student to survive until finals. Thanks. Box 2436.

SAVE ME!! 30 thousand needed urgently. Genuine. Box 2536.

WOMAN requires £3,000 after ex-partner cleared joint account. Please can you help? Box 2636.

BROKENHEARTED girl needs £3,000 to pay off debts before starting again. Please help. Donations Box 2736.

DUE TO postal error and dishonesty, young man got in and out of major debt. Now urgently requires car for work. Derbyshire. Box 2836.

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SINGLE MAN, 28, seeks spicy woman to tingle his taste buds. Box 6136.

ADULT, PROFESSIONAL, MALE, 35, wishes to regress into childhood and share the joys of spring with attractive like-minded lady, mid-20s to early 30s. Either short or long term relationship. London area preferred. Will reply to letter, return photo. Box 5036.

ASPIRING RUSS MEYER, 35, unhandsome seeks supervixen. Midlands. Box 5136.

SEDUCTIVE LOVE GODDESS, 20, seeks a rich dude, for fun, sex and scampi, photo please. Box 5236.

OUTGOING, ATTRACTIVE, divorced, professional lady, 45ish seeks genuine friendship of intelligent man to share wide interests. London/Home Counties. Box 5336.

ENGLISHMAN, Mediterranean University teacher, single, seeks slim, large breasted female, max 32. Nationality, religion, class immaterial. Box 5436.

WANTED, LONELY FEMALE, as male (23) can give warm friendship. Box 5536.

MALE, 28, not tall but not unattractive. Likes theatre, books, pub. Dislikes Tories, nightclubs, fussy eaters. Seeks attractive, perceptive female for social liaisons and maybe more. Photo appreciated. London/Essex. Box 5636.

SINCERE, HONEST, single mother 35, (graduate) with daughter, 8, currently living Lincolnshire, would like to meet unattached professional gentleman (30-40) for weekends, holidays and possible long term commitment. Box 5736.

MATURE FEMALE, involved in right of centre politics, but trapped in dull marriage, seeks dashing high-flyer for private enterprise, and more. London. Box 5836.

DANGEROUS LIAISONS with charming, cultured, discreet gentleman sought by Princess, trapped as Cinderella. Box 6036.

Last issue a jinxed computer printed a few ads twice with different box numbers. Please reply to either box number — your letter *will* be forwarded.

SEAN CONNERY TYPE, 36 (well, big and bald, anyway) seeks Miss Moneypenny 20-40 for covert operations — Brighton/London. Photo please. Box 5936.

SUCCESSFUL, single high tech entrepreneur considering the enlightenment of exploring his emotions and senses worldwide with a bright young lady with lovely hair of about twenty — almost half his age. Box 12434.

FAITHFUL, reliable, sincere, Egyptian Gentleman. I'm educated, unattached, non-smoker, no ties. Seeks respectable lady over 35 for lasting relationship. Likes travel, sport, home life. London area. Box 6236.

TALL DUNWORKIN male, 50, solvent, carefree, fond travel, good food, refreshments and the other seeks independent n/s female hedonist. London/SE. Box 6336.

ABANDONED STALLION, 25, thoroughbred English stock, 18 hands, stabled, affectionate though frisky and responsive, seeks canter/graze (in S. East) with filly. Horse box 6436.

MIDLANDS BASED professional asian lady, 33, friendly, sensitive, intelligent. Seeks affluent, intelligent man, single 30-45, for long term relationship. Long letter and phone number please. Box 6536.

RICH, HANDSOME, heroic failure, 39, who drinks, smokes and is an accountant, in that order. Has had his arm twisted into doing this because he's lonely. London/East. No Tories. Box 6636.

MALE, 27, ordinary but not boring, funny but not stupid, can't find his soulmate. Does she live in Wilts/Hants? No more info until you write. Box 6736.

PRETTY, FIT, brunette, 39, seeks intellectual, tall, age immaterial, non-smoker. Kent/elsewhere. Box 6836.

WELL SPOKEN, attached professional male (34) seeks discreet liaisons with like-minded female within Bucks, Herts, Middlesex area. Box 6936.

INNOCENT MALE, 23, hetero, requires physical education. North Bucks area. Box 7036.

MALE, 26, (5'7") unattached, solvent, seeks female company (18-28) Cornwall area. Intelligence important, looks not as important. My interests are golf, computers, reading, good food, jazz and soul music. Box 7136.

MALE, CIVILISED, 50's, author/artist hence impoverished, likes remote places, newage subjects, trees, vegardens, classical music, travel non-smoker. Seeks female companion 30-50 Sagittarius/Aries, sense ridiculous, essential, small frame, crinkly eyes please. Box 7236.

CITY PROFESSIONAL, francophile, 45, affectionate, tied but physically and emotionally free, seeks neglected quality lady for close, caring, warm but uncomplicated friendship. London, Middlesex, Herts. Box 7336.

ACADEMICALLY SPORTING Jason, with 30 foot Argonaut and retired racehorse, requires metaphorically Golden Fleece to share life, a cruise to the Western Isles and thence the Sun and perhaps beyond. Box 7436.

CAMBRIDGE scientist, late developer in his mid-fifties now realising what life is about wishes to share this experience with someone nice. Has car will travel. Lunches and afternoon teas a speciality. Closed most weekends. Box 7536.

KILROY SILK needed for fun, travelling by slim, blonde, professional lady. Photo appreciated. Box 7636.

PROFESSIONAL MALE, 43, graduate, solvent, single, seeks busty, stocking-wearing young female, for lasting relationship. West Midlands. Photo appreciated. Box 7736.

CROPPED RAPUNZEL needs hero with ladder. Soon. Box 7836.

TALL MALE, 27, graduate, socialist, vegetarian, warm, sensitive, seeks female (20s) for life-affirming relationship. London/SE. Box 7936.

GOOD AFTERNOON! Single, male graduate, 40, self-employed, sometimes works nights, seeks non-smoking female companion for theatre matinees, cinema, cream teas, and affection. London. Box 8036.

ATTRACTIVE, CREATIVE, divorcee, 28, no children yet, independent, own home, car. Looking for talkative man 25-40, non-smoker. Interests: literature, spirituality, music. Dislikes: television, sport. West Midlands. Box 8136.

MALE, 38, fairly soluble, own job, bike, thoughts etc, would correspond with sensible female. North by North West. Box 8236.

OPTIMISTIC, successful man (32), claims to be good looking, caring, fit, adventurous and possibly intelligent. Seeks well-educated, attractive lady (25-35) not averse to having a damn good time, sharing the best of life in S.W. London. Photo welcomed. Box 8336.

WANTED! Cosmopolitan older woman to befriend attractive, affectionate, young man, 28. London. Box 8436.

TALL MAN, 48, successful, professional, thoroughly domesticated, fan of sport and travel seeks pretty lady, 30s preferred, with sense of humour and similar interests for romantic long-term relationship. Photo please. Box 8536.

HAPPY, MATURE, unattached female seeks similar male, 58 plus for friendship, outings. Londoner. Box 8636.

PROFESSIONAL MAN, 43, single, 5'8", 10st, Cambridge graduate, occasional smoker, solvent, seeks normal female for friendship and enjoyment of simple pleasures: walking, restaurants, visits to exhibitions, galleries etc NE Hants. Photo appreciated. Box 8736.

PAPAGENO seeks Papagena for zauberflirt! Box 8836.

'DALI' with a surreal man? Box 8936.

MALE (24), Numan fan, bored with nine to five routine, seeks similar female for fun and good times. Box 9036.

HAPPILY MARRIED professional, 41, tall, would love to find a bright, intelligent woman for a discrete romantic affair. Do you like talking in bed? Box 9136.

WEALTHY, fun-loving businessman, 40s, recently moved into Mayfair. Interests countrysports, travel, theatre, good food and wine. Seeks young female company to enjoy same. Picture appreciated. Box 9236.

ATTRACTIVE, very intelligent male (29, journalist) seeks attractive, very intelligent woman for everything. N. West/anywhere. Box 9336.

TALL, DARKISH, Irishman, Celtic looks, journalist/businessman, 39. Single, living in Dublin, regular visitor to London, seeks compatible woman for loving relationship and marriage. Offers love, loyalty and little ones. Visit the lakes of Killarney and you'll never go home. Box 11736.

CHARISMATIC northern male, thirty, 6'3", connected in London and Tyneside, seeks Kim Basinger for rough games of Monopoly, 9½ hours at least. Box 9436.

N\WEST HACK 30 seeks to investigate genuine, romantic liaison with lively, intelligent female. Photo appreciated. Box 9536.

LAWYER (48) enjoys foreign travel, fit, intelligent and caring; seeks slim, attractive lady (25-38) to share expenses-paid holiday(s) abroad and more; photo and tel. no. from serious applicants only. Box 9636.

LOVELY, intelligent lady in sad marriage needs laughter? affection? in discreet, caring, relationship with humorous man, 39-55ish. S.E. Box 9736.

WANTED: tall, shapely lady (20-40), by lusty Edinburgh bachelor (32) for fun and possible Caribbean holiday. Photo please. Box 9836.

LADIES! Skilled enthusiast seeks sporty post-war models delicate touching up. Sensitive lubrication. Very fine tuning. Full regular servicing. Touring at home and abroad. Send photograph (returnable) and full details of chassis, stating if transmission manual or automatic. Box 9936.

DESERT NOMAD. Single, English fellow working in the Gulf seeks woman under 40 for travel and holidays. Photo by return. Box 10036.

FEMALE, 22, seeks romantic young man as escort for May Ball, plus more if you happen to be the right guy. Photo. Cambridge/London. Box 10136.

SLIM, TALL male (28) needs attractive young lady to pamper and have fun/relationship. Box 10236.

BOND GIRL calling 007 for fun and travel. Box 10336.

REALLY UGLY, boring female. Also compulsive liar! Box 10436.

LONELY LADY, 36, seeks male for fun and friendship. Box 10536.

GENT (43) not tall (5'7") dark, etc. Unattached, affectionate, generous. Wide range of interests seeks interesting female with no hang-ups about food, drink and life, who wants to be loved and spoilt. Photo appreciated, not essential. Can travel. Box 10636.

TALL, SPORTY male, 38, but single, seeks sweet lady. London. Box 10736.

ONCE ONLY opportunity. Mrs Robinson will have one fling! Attractive, happily married lady (34). The graduate must be 20ish. Merseyside. Photo and phone no. a must. Box 10836.

SLIM, ATTRACTIVE, career girl, 24, seeking tall, interesting male companion. Sense of humour vital. West London. Photo appreciated. Box 10936.

Replying to a PRIVATE EYE Box Number? Address your reply to: Private Eye Smalls 6 Carlisle Street London WIV 5RG with the BOX NUMBER on the top line.

ATTRACTIVE certified arts grad (30), seeks sexy woman (30-40), any race, for lust, intelligence and paella. Photo and phone no. (Midlands) Box 11036.

HANDSOME YOUNG WRITER, (24) seeks older sexy lady (40+) for discrete liaisons. N. Ireland based. Can travel. Box 11136.

INTELLIGENT BLACK MALE student (19) seeks unattached very attractive lady (17-35) for discreet daytime liaisons of a tender, caring and erotic nature. Nationality/colour unimportant, transport a plus. Photo and phone number guarantee reply. S.E. London. Box 11236.

PROFESSIONAL MALE, 29, good sense of humour, London based, seeks lady with good sense of humour. Photo appreciated. Box 11336.

TALL, WARM HEARTED M.D. 41, attached, seeks witty vivacious, non-smoking lady, for discreet lasting liaison 150 miles of London. Box 11436.

TIRED MALE, 28, candle well burnt at both ends, seeks very patient, caring lady, 20-35, (north). Box 11536.

REASONABLY FIT (25) male, 6'1", good-looking (honest). Disenchanted with domestic life, seeks occasional intimate female friend. Age immaterial. Discretion assured. South Wales. Photo ensures reply. Box 11636.

EDINBURGH Elegant, professional female (30s) blonde, 5'4", seeks male for friendship, love and fun. Like me, you're warm, humorous, loving and looking for someone to share your life. Photo please. Children OK. Box 11836.

GOOD LOOKING male, 29, entrepreneur, solid, humorous and shy seeks very attractive, intelligent, unconventional and impulsive younger female. London. Photo please. Box 11936.

GENTLEMAN, professional, slim, attractive, seeks devilishly sexy lady for fun, romance and possibly more. Dominant woman appreciated. Photo. South West and Glos. Box 12036.

BACHELOR, 44, wants family, seeks kind, intelligent woman prepared to live overseas. Box 12136.

MILLIONAIRE, 48, slim and reasonably handsome seeks an affectionate 25-35 year old beautiful lady with good personality from reasonable background for companionship, romance and hopefully much more. Please send photograph and any other details which you may consider relevant. Glasgow area. Box 12236.

FIRST AD for slim, sensitive, stimulating, thoughtful, committed, casual, non-smoker, (38) who enjoys the good life, and seeks an intelligent, attractive, caring girlfriend. Cotswolds. Box 12336.

PRETTY WITTY London writer, successful, handsome, 29, needs pretty, witty, affectionate female. Photo necessary. Box 12436.

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SLIM, SWEET, lapsed romantic, 40, seeks literature/theatre fun-loving man. Box 12636.

SHIRLEY VALENTINE required by tall, slim, good looking, working male, 40, for meetings, lunches etc. Has discreet flat. Don't let life pass you by. Cleveland/North East area. Box 12736.

ATTRACTIVE, articulate, music-loving female, extrovert, 39, part-tied, seeks similar tall, professional, hirsute male for exciting, enlivening, enlightening, enlarging relationship. Box 12836.

PREMATURELY CYNICAL male (23) into Guardian-reading, stageshows, restaurants and avoiding nightclubs. Seeks fun, friendly twenty-something female for company, cuddles and maybe something special. Box 12936.

PRETTY GIRL sought by student teacher, 28. Box 13036.

SOLIDLY CONSTRUCTED architect with 30s period features, seeks firm footings with sensual woman to develop exciting relationship. South. Box 13136.

BIG DICK unexpectedly back on market due to time waster. Seeks curvy young Patsy Kensit type, must like country pursuits and log fires, to carry my Porsche keys at the Hunt Ball. Herts area. Photos exchanged. Box 13236.

U.S. GRADUATE, late 40s, successful, international entrepreneur, London based seeks congenial lasting relationship with intelligent and elegant lady. Box 13336.

SPECTACULARLY interesting but modest bloke (27) seeks honest woman with honourable intentions. Sense of humour essential! Box 13436.

MY PERFECT MAN is loving/lovable, hugging, huggable, c. 47, non-smoking. Enjoys laughing, arts, philosophy, psychology, fresh air, house-owner, accessible S.W. London, music-performing, ballroom/barn dance a bonus. I'm female, 47, 5'5", graduate, nordic type, fair "outdoor" seeking reassurance and relaxed fun. All replies answered. Photo if possible. Box 13536.

FED UP, but very fit, West Midlands guy (32) wants a sexy, alcoholic lady (20-35) to share uncomplicated fun with. Let's have a good time, eh? Have car, can travel. Box 13636.

MERCHANT NAVY OFFICER, 31, shy, short and fat, needs female company (25-35) (Scotland). Sense of humour required. Mayday! Box 13736.

YOUR CHILDREN WELCOME if you are a cheerful, attractive, graduate-type interested in weekends with well-educated, widely travelled divorced man at his small country house near Welsh border. Box 13836.

ATTRACTIVE, WEALTHY gentleman, aged 42 can offer mature friendship, fun, limited free time, some financial support and even possibly own flat London rent-free, to genuine, sincere and loyal younger lady. Photo essential. Box 13936.

ATTRACTIVE MAN, 6ft, professional, young forties, married — hoping for occasional non-threatening gentle daytime secret excitement and friendship with sensitive, attractive, maybe married woman. London. Box 14036.

ATTRACTIVE, TALL, blonde, Sussex lady, 45, educated, intelligent, carelessly tied, but financially independent (just), typical Aries. Seeks discerning, professional gentleman (smoke tolerant) for permanent, loving friendship. Photo please. Box 14136.

ATTRACTIVE LADY, 29, Lancashire based seeks company of tall, well-mannered, and above all, FUN man. Occupation immaterial but no wimps! (NW/NE) Box 14236.

MALE 33, seeks warm, loving woman for companionship and love, 25-50. Box 14336.

ENVIRONMENTALLY-AWARE male scientist, 27, seeks caring, affectionate woman, 22-30, for serious relationship. Oxfordshire/anywhere. Box 14436.

VEGGY BLOKE, leftish, 24. Honest, intelligent, funny, unpretentious. Loves brains, fun, sex, laughs. Genuinely good person seeking similarish and attractive lady, and love, 20-24. How embarrassing! W. London. Box 14636.

CULTIVATED, DOMINANT MALE, thirties, experienced, successful, professional, single, wide interests, good lifestyle, seeks bright, submissive female for mutual fantasy, fulfilment. London. Box 14536.

INDIAN LADY required by 45 year old Englishman for horizontal discussions. Box 14736.

I AM a very attractive, sensuous, continental lady of 35, financially independent, full of "joie devivre" and a great sense of humour. I would like to meet a cultured, assertive gentleman, 30-50, successful in all aspects of life, for a lasting relationship in dept. Photo and phone no. desirable. Box 14836.

HANTS/DORSET executive man, mid 40s, non-smoker like to meet well groomed, articulate lady, compatible personality and interests. Friendship and perhaps a permanent relationship. Box 14936.

ATTRACTIVE, extremely nice lady, 46, in barren marriage, seeks gentleman in similar position for mutual escape. Discretion required. Prefer non-smoker, medium height. Shropshire. Box 15036.

ROMANTIC MALE, single, 31, six foot, apparently handsome. Company Director but not yet wealthy. Arts Graduate, smoker, well travelled. Lumbered with embarrassing reputation for writing good letters. Looking for female soulmate. Where are you? Box 15136.

AGEING BIMBETTE I am not, but I still believe in love and the happy ever after bit. Demonstrate your similarly weakening hold on reality by writing to Box 15236. Northern England.

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ATTRACTIVE, female, blonde, divorced. 40ish. Quite normal, fit, lively. Quite independent. Loves adventures and meeting new friends in North Yorks. Preferably toy boys not old boys! Box 15336.

5'8" v.g. looking 46 (looks 35), skier, writer, well spoken ex-restaurateur, sincere but 87 crash 50%, ex wife equals almost (but not quite) broke, seeks good looking, well spoken, interesting woman 28+ to discuss the future. Photo/tel. please. Box 15436.

ASCOT, business, 30, (weekend retreat) seeks female company for theatre, skiing and walks. You are sophisticated, possible second language. Then join me for dinner in Covent Garden. My first try. Few details please to Box 15536.

MALE, professional, late 30s, Irish, neither bigot nor saint, attached but bored with lot, yet G.I.B., quiet and warm, seeks female (status immaterial) possibly in similar position, to develop exciting and interesting liaison. Loyalty and discretion assured. Box 15636.

ATTRACTIVE, outgoing, single woman 32, hitherto building successful career seeks similar man with whom to enjoy, now, the important things in life. Sheffield area. Box 15736.

DARCY DANCER seeks Leila. Box 15836.

CULTURED, intelligent, middle class male, 28, tall, slim, dark, attractive, wishes to correspond with, and possibly meet, intelligent, similar females, 18-35. Box 15936.

ACHTUNG! Successful expat living Germany (not forces), fit, male, 33, single. Wishes to meet intelligent female (anywhere). Can accommodate! ALA (photo?) Box 16036.

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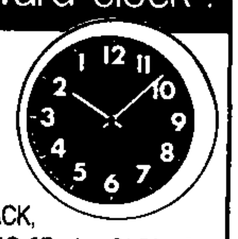

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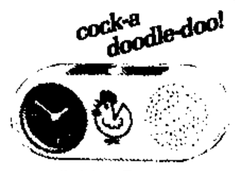

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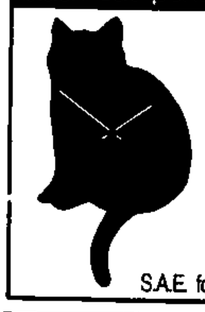

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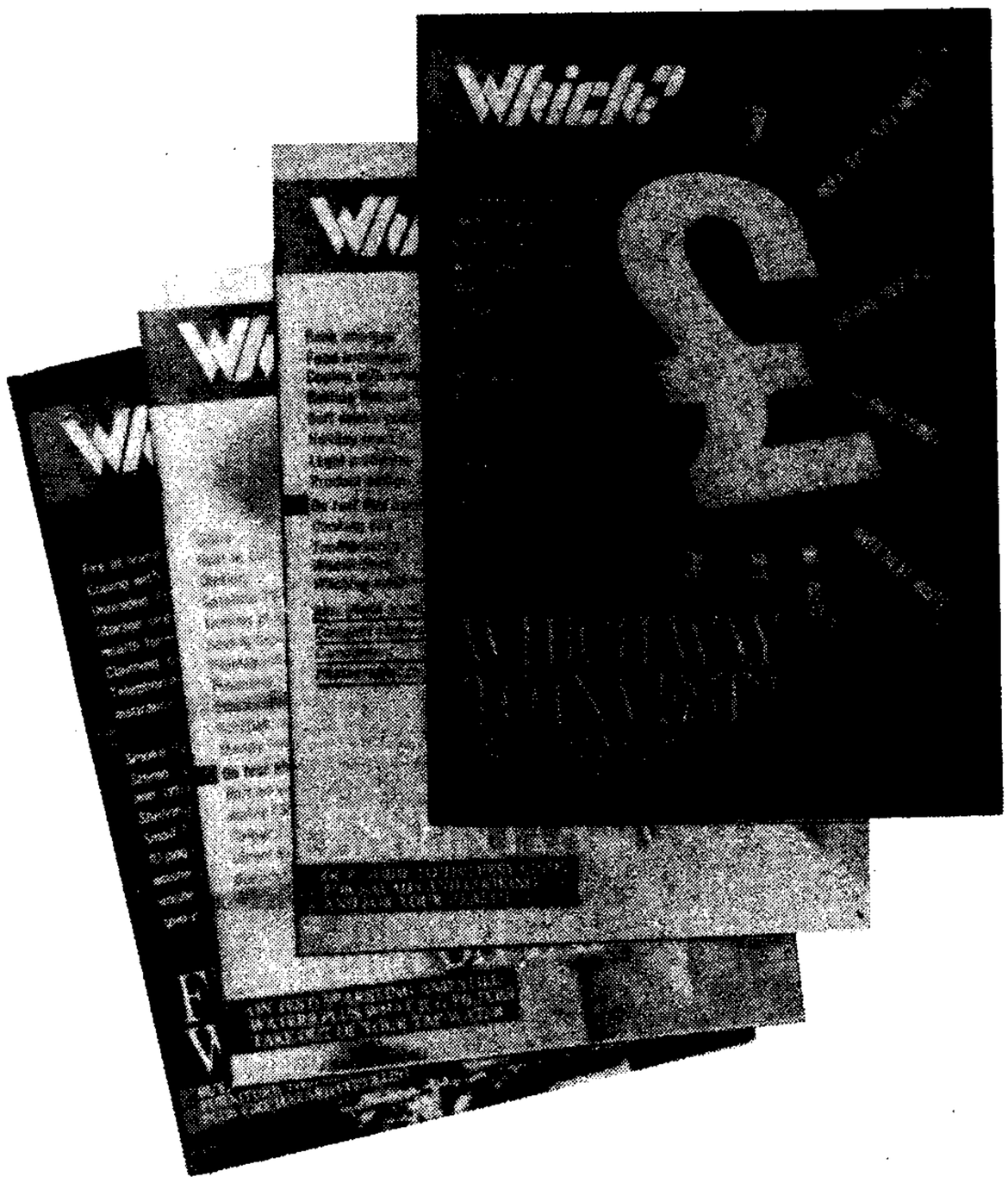

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